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THE Journal for all interested in

Country Life and Country Pursuits

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BRITISH TRADE.

THE Board of Trade returns issued last week must have come as a welcome surprise to most readers. For some time past people engaged in trade have been grumbling incessantly, and it has been very difficult to say whether their complaints had any general foundation or not. We know that some branches of commercial activity have suffered. The Stock Exchange, for instance, has been unmistakably dull, and probably the reports of those engaged on it have given colour to the general depression. But the dispassionate returns issued by the Board of Trade can only be described as stupendous. It is the first time in history that our external trade has passed beyond the value of £900,000,000 sterling, the total, as a matter of fact, being £902,853,641, and this is made up by increased exports as well as imports. The imports reached the gigantic total of £542,906,325, while the exports amounted to a total of £359,947,316. The astonishment which these figures are calculated to give rise to is increased by our knowledge that during the past year several important branches of trade have not been doing well. Ship-building and railway and shipping traffic returns have shown a contraction. It would seem, however, that the increases in other branches of enterprise have been sufficient to compensate for a certain amount of falling off. It is interesting to notice what classes of goods have been doing well in the past year. They are cutlery, which showed an increase of a quarter of a million; machinery, which went up by £1,300,000; cotton, which went up by £1,168,000; wool, which showed an increase of over £2,000,000; other textiles, half a million; earthenware and glass, £281,000. As in these branches alone the value of exports has

increased by over £6,000,000, it must be a safe assumption that those engaged in their production have done well during the past year.

In regard to our imports the outstanding feature is that our huge bill is run up mostly for articles of food and drink. Last year we purchased from foreign countries and the colonies articles of diet amounting in value to the gigantic total of £228,327,813. Nor did this affect the home markets as much as might have been expected. Disastrous as last year was on account of the weather, there is a keen demand for land at the present time, and farms that have had to be given up have been easily relet. The meat trade has been better than usual, and the only complaint made by the consumers, at all events, is that prices have been kept up only too well. The inference is a plain one, namely, that every year the people of this country find themselves in a position to spend more and more upon food. In fact, it is somewhat difficult to know where it goes to. Land is undoubtedly more productive at the present moment than it was forty years ago, before this huge importation of cheap food began. A larger proportion of it is under intensive cultivation. Nothing has been more marked than the increase we have witnessed in land treated as market gardens and orchards. During that period the production of milk has developed from being a slight industry into one of the largest businesses in the country. More sheep and oxen are fattened than ever was the case before. To illustrate our point more clearly, we might take the case of eggs. In 1903 there was a considerable increase in the number of eggs that we received from abroad. We paid Russia alone £1,800,000, and very little short of that sum to Denmark, while Germany, Belgium, France, and Canada all sent us large quantities. Now it is quite impossible to calculate with any certainty what the whole production amounts to. The Board of Agriculture does not include poultry in its returns, and so we are reduced to guess-work as to our possessions in this way. At the same time, there can be very little doubt about our production of eggs having largely increased. There are more little holdings, more gardens, more allotments, and all these encourage the industry of poultry-keeping, while we have had a more or less vigorous organisation assisting people to market their produce. Still the supply does not exceed the demand. Those huge quantities of eggs that come in shiploads from the Continent are in some way or another devoured, and yet anyone in England who has new-laid eggs to sell can find both buyers and a price for them. The conclusion is surely a most obvious one, that the average English citizen "does himself" in the matter of food a great deal better than his forefathers did.

An increased consumption of eggs was accompanied by a still more increased consumption of butter. We paid no less than close upon £21,000,000 last year for foreign and colonial butter, our sources of supply, arranged in order of quantity, being Denmark, Canada, France, Russia, Holland, New Zealand, and Sweden. Our farmers have ceased to grumble at this, for very practical reasons. At the present moment they are receiving in London 8d. a gallon for milk, and it may be assumed, for all practical purposes, that of the milk sent in to London it would require three gallons to make a pound of butter. In other words, they obtain 2s. for milk that would only suffice to make a shilling's worth of butter. That is what has killed the notion of co-operative creameries in Great Britain. They do very well in Ireland because the Irish farmer, not having any great town like London or Manchester or Liverpool or Glasgow at his elbow, can, as a matter of fact, only obtain at the present moment 4½d. for a gallon of milk. As a rule, he keeps very superior cows, and his milk is of high quality, and a smaller quantity would be required to make a pound of butter than would be in the ordinary dairy herds round London. It pays him, therefore, to join a creamery and have his milk made into butter, just as in Denmark, where there is no really huge town to consume the milk, they find it profitable to convert it into butter and send it over here. At the same time, the best of our farmers are getting into the way of making a very high-class quality of butter, which is very much better than any of the factory stuff made abroad, and which, therefore, commands a very high price. But all this is incidental to our main contention, which was that the average English man or woman lives on a much more generous scale than our plainer forefathers were addicted to, and this huge importation of food means that the tables both of rich and poor are always being better and better furnished. What other lessons may be drawn from these returns we leave the economist to consider.

Our Portrait Illustration.

THE frontispiece for this week's number is a portrait of Lady de Trafford and her two sons. Lady de Trafford is the daughter of the late Captain James Franklin, and married Sir Humphrey de Trafford in 1886.



At the moment when we go to press it is not possible to say anything definite about the relations between Japan and Russia. The former country has established a strict Press censorship, and no message is allowed to come through without the approval of its officials. The probabilities, therefore, are that Japan is engaged in taking the initial steps towards war, so that the moment it is proclaimed she can, as it were, let the thunderbolts fly against Russia. The latter is more slowly, but perhaps even more surely, marshalling the forces of the Czar. The sympathies of this country are unmistakably with Japan, but the estimates formed of the chances of this little country are, we think, rather sanguine. Japan can put into the field not only so many thousands of men, but gallantry, enthusiasm, and the resolution to put her fortunes to the stake and win or lose them all. We are told that war is a more mathematical operation now than it used to be, and battles are won by officers who sit in a tent and cast up figures; but even to-day spirit and determination may prevail over brute force.

The question that is engaging the most attention at home just now is whether England will be involved in this war or not. In Russia it is held that Japan has been encouraged by the alliance we entered into with her, and the opinion has been expressed that our statesmen, in getting them to make that treaty, were luring the Japs to their ruin. In view of all this, the reference made by Mr. Balfour in the opening of his speech at Manchester is significant. He said: "Great Britain will to the full carry out all her engagements, all her treaty obligations, in regard to any of her allies." This passage has been accepted at home as having been deliberately phrased, and abroad there is no doubt at all that it will be interpreted as having probably more meaning than Mr. Balfour intended. The subject is, indeed, one that in the hands of a Prime Minister requires the most delicate manipulation.

The visit of Mr. Chamberlain to the City of London promises to be the occasion of an interesting experiment. So many people are anxious to hear the manner in which he will sum up his views on the fiscal policy that it has been arranged for him to address six or seven audiences at once. To the democratic East and the aristocratic West his oratory will be carried by electricity. The only thing that causes us to doubt the success of the experiment is that the man at the telephone who is to repeat Mr. Chamberlain's words will not be able to imitate his tone or affect his rhetorical power. Probably he will read out the speech in a very monotonous tone of voice. How will the audiences like this? It will be interesting to know, because all the glamour, all the hypnotism, all the personal charm of the orator will be lost, and thus thousands of people will be compelled to listen to a dry narration.

At the Education Conference held this week in London, Professor J. W. Adamson, of King's College, opened a discussion that, in the French phrase, *donne a penser*. The terms of it were "the best method of discovering the child of scholarship form at the appropriate age of transition from primary to secondary schools." He described the problem himself as that of "the discovery at the immature age of eleven or twelve of those finer brains in the public elementary schools which it was to the interest of the community to cultivate." There is no more difficult question than that which is involved in this discussion. It is a matter of common knowledge that the boy who begins by winning prizes and goes on to carry off scholarships, and ends by becoming a wrangler, is very seldom heard of again. The difficulty really lies in getting hold of those boys who have no distinguished childhood at all, and yet are destined to take a leading place in whatever art or calling they ultimately take up. It is very often not the boy who works, as the school-

masters esteem work, but the boy who thinks and dreams, who has a future before him, and it is the reproach of all the educational systems that yet have been invented, that while they are excellent for the somewhat business kind of a boy who is addicted to hard work, they are powerless to develop that finer type which never distinguishes itself in this way.

A case that may, perhaps, be taken by the historian of 2,004 as illustrative of the tendencies of this century, came before Mr. Justice Swinfen Eady on Monday. It was that of the Salford Corporation, which, animated by an enlightened enthusiasm, has recently been promoting cheap popular entertainments for the purpose, we suppose, of bringing sweetness and light to the inhabitants of Salford. Among the items which they used for this purpose were certain songs from "A Country Girl" and "The Girl from Kay's," the copyright of which belonged to Mr. George Edwardes, who straightway brought an action against this philanthropic Corporation for infringing it. They apologised, and the judge gave Mr. Edwardes the perpetual injunction he asked for, a trifle of £25 passing between the parties in settlement of their differences; but the result is not of so much consequence as that such an action should have been possible at all.

TO A SAILOR'S BABY LASS AT TENBY.

Whisper! what treasure shall the good ship bring
Home—by and by?
Now, in the glamour of the sunset hour,
Now, on the mystic threshold of the night,
When every breaking wave is turned to gold,
To beaten gold each bastion and tower—
Whisper! what treasure shall the good ship bring
Home—by and by?

Now, at the hour when Fancy sets her sails,
Sets sail 'neath skies that glow with ruby flame,
Weighs anchor, bids farewell, with old-world song,
With sailor's chanty or babe's lullaby—

Whisper! what treasure shall the good ship bring
Home—by and by?

ARCHIBALD CAMPBELL.

Just at present there seems to be something almost amounting to a conspiracy amongst our judges not to let any opportunity be lost of impressing on the country the connection between crime and drink. We noticed a controversy in which Mr. Justice Grantham was engaged a few weeks ago. The Recorder of London made some remarks of a similar tenor when opening the sessions of the Central Criminal Court at the Old Bailey. It was a very heavy calendar, not by reason of the number of prisoners, but on account of the seriousness of their crimes, and the Recorder pointed out that the worst of these offences were due to excessive drinking. It does not seem possible to withstand this contention, and the sympathies of the country would be with any Government which made the holder of a licence more responsible than he is at present for dangerous excess on the part of his customers.

The late Sir Albert William Woods, who died last week at the age of eighty-seven, had held the office of Garter Principal King of Arms since the year 1869. He entered the College of Arms as pursuivant in 1838, and three years later became Lancaster Herald. In 1890 he was created K.C.M.G., and in 1897 K.C.B. His father, Sir William Woods, occupied the same position before him, and officiated at the Coronation of Queen Victoria. It was always a matter of regret to Sir Albert that, owing to his delicate state of health, he was unable to fulfil the important duties connected with his office at the Coronation of the King and Queen. Throughout his long life he had taken a chief part in so many pageantries and investitures that his absence from this great and solemn ceremony was regarded as a misfortune. His funeral rites were performed at Norwood on Monday in presence of a great and distinguished host of mourners.

It is no new thing to force flowers into growth before their appointed season. Our tables are decked with lily-of-the-valley, mac, and many other odorous flowers long before they appear in the outdoor garden, and this is accomplished by what is known as cold storage. But the ways of the florist are likely to undergo a change in the near future, and by the simple process of using chloroform, to bring about this unnatural but delightful result. In the *Lancet* of last week the action of anæsthetics on plants is the subject of an intensely interesting article. As there mentioned, the production of early blooms of the lilac, the lily-of-the-valley, the deutzia, and the azalea, forms a large and increasing industry at this season, and for any grower to obtain well-developed flowers a week or two in advance of his brother

horticulturists, especially if it can be accomplished at little cost, means large receipts and also the satisfaction of successful rivalry.

Many years ago Claude Bernard experimented with anæsthetics on certain plants, but nothing very practical resulted from his labours until the records of M. Lemoine, the great French hybridist and experimentalist, appeared in the *Journal of the Royal Horticultural Society* last year. Dr. W. Johannsen of Copenhagen has made experiments since, and it is to these that our medical contemporary directs special attention. This scientist, noticing that many plants push forth their buds at a period of repose, such as occurs naturally during winter or even in unfavourable summers, conceived the idea that by inducing such a condition of rest by anæsthetics the plants would be, as it were, renovated, and their buds stimulated into vigorous action. The result was that Dr. Johannsen, at a recent meeting of the Copenhagen Academy of Sciences, showed lilac flowers in their spring-like beauty. M. Leblanc, the French scientist, has chloroformed the pretty little *Azalea mollis*, and the results were a complete success. It is important for those who wish to try the experiment that the chambers in which the vapours are set free should be of large size, and all details carried out with extreme caution. There is an element of danger in the process, and, if the method is to become general, only practised hands must perform the work.

We notice from the daily papers that the outbreak of smallpox which occurred some time ago still continues. Cases are reported not only from the large towns, but from the small market towns and villages. One cause of the spread of smallpox has become very apparent from the facts that have been disclosed. It is that the disease is carried from one place to another by tramps. Many of these are really professional in character. First they go North seeking work, and then they come South seeking work, never finding it, and never wishing to find it. They go into lodging-houses and they go into beer-houses. They never think of notifying any disease, and, indeed, are too ignorant to understand the danger of infection. The difficulty, therefore, is to deal with the tramp effectually. In times of epidemic disease it would seem almost imperative that the medical officer of health or the sanitary inspector should examine the lodging-houses nightly and report any case of disease to the authorities. They might take a lesson from the Board of Agriculture. If smallpox were attacked with the vigour that was directed against rabies, it would soon become an extinct disease.

The Second Interim Report of the Royal Commission appointed to enquire into the pollution of tidal waters will not conduce to the comfort of those who are in the habit of eating oysters. On the contrary, it is an alarming document. The contamination of shellfish by sewage is no longer a matter for argument, and at present there are no means of avoiding it. The law does not prevent anyone from emptying sewage into tidal waters, and until this is accomplished the pollution of oysters and other shellfish must always remain possible. They say that from the examination already conducted there can be no doubt of a considerable number of cases of enteric fever and other illnesses having been caused by eating oysters subject to contamination. On every ground this is a state of things to be remedied at once. There are a great number of people dependent for their livelihood on shellfish, and they have already felt the effect of the scare in a decreased consumption. Shellfish also are regarded as a luxury by the rich, and an article of food by the poor, and every means should be taken to see that they are brought to market in a wholesome condition. We are afraid, however, that the practical working out of this theory must be left to local authorities, because each estuary has its own conditions to contend with and its own problems to solve, so that a general law would not answer all purposes.

The destruction of the coast-line which has been caused in various places during the gales of the past few months, has led to timely attention being drawn to the value of a natural shingle beach as a sea defence, and the short-sightedness of permitting it to be carted away in unlimited quantities for various public uses. At Brighton, where the sea defences have suffered considerably, the consulting engineer to the Corporation has strongly recommended that the removal of sand and gravel from the beach shall be stopped, and states the opinion that if this is done there will be no need for a further heavy outlay on artificial protections, which has been recently discussed. Over 8,000 loads of shingle are being taken from the beach annually, and in 1901 no less than 27,000 cartfuls were removed to serve for the foundation of wood pavement. The rapid advance of the sea upon the now fast disappearing village of Hallsands, on the South Devon coast, is also attributed to the removal of large quantities of shingle for public purposes. If left to itself the sea will generally give back in one place what it takes away in another; but this deliberate

razing of the outworks for the sake of some slight immediate profit is very poor economy indeed.

When the "man in the street" considers the wonderful things that science can do, he is sometimes hardly less struck with astonishment by the things that she seems incapable of doing. Whalebone is a substance possessing some remarkable qualities, yet they hardly seem of such an extraordinary kind as to be beyond the power of imitation by means of some celluloid or other compound. Nevertheless it is certain that this product of Nature must be quite above successful imitation, otherwise the high price that it is commanding at this moment would have led to such imitation. At a recent sale at Dundee whalebone was sold at the rate of £3,000 a ton. This is a record price, the previous highest being £2,800 a ton. It is reported that there remain only four tons of whalebone in the world not bought up for use, whether in Europe or America. The cause of the high price and of the scarcity is of course that the whale which supplies the so-called "bone" has been so very much killed down on most of the hunting grounds, or seas.

SUNSET.

'Tis the lone hour of twilight, the time I have always loved best,
And I stand on the hills, looking out and away to the west,
While the darkness comes on, and the sun goeth down to his rest.

To the fields of blue air, to the regions of crystalline space,
Comes a torrent of flame, that spreads ever and ever apace,
With a rapture of colour, a motion of rhythmical grace.

In the midst of that ocean what beautiful islands arise,
Azure spaces afloat in the depths of the roseate skies,
Going out to the dream, where the light never darkens, nor dies.

And they move on enthralled, as with music and singing afar,
In a tide of deep sleep, down the paths of the sun and the star,
To the haven of rest, where the homes of the Beautiful are.

And my eyes fill with tears, and the longing ariseth in me,
To be borne like a bird o'er the breadth of that infinite sea,
To the gateways of Heaven, where all the Ineffable be.

R. G. T. COVENTRY.

Naturally, and quite rightly, we all have been congratulating ourselves on the splendid stock of salmon that has run up most, if not all, of our rivers in the past season, which has put them in such high and frequent flood; but we have to remember that these very conditions have their peculiar danger for the future stock. The salmon is not always a prudent mother. When she finds a nice gravelly bed for her nursery, there she will lay her eggs without making a just calculation for the fact that the river is at any abnormal height, and that the stretches that now are nicely covered shallows may be, and will be, left bare and dry when the stream resumes its normal level. Millions of ova are bound to be thus lost in the present season, but, fortunately, even that liberal number will bear but a very small proportion to the quantity that will be laid.

A curious action, illustrating what the Scotch call the "amenities" of seaside life, has lately come before the Sheriff Court of Fife. A young visitor to St. Andrews hired a horse from a local livery stable for a ride along the sands. In passing some bathing machines a "hound" came out, and barked and snapped at the horse, which showed signs of great trepidation. On returning from a fairly long ride, the horse refused to pass the bathing machines. The rider thereupon dismounted and tried to lead it past the obstacle; almost at once the "hound" rushed out, and this time bit the horse's heels. The horse bolted, despite the efforts of his rider to hold it in, rushed into the sea, and was drowned. The "hound" was subsequently discovered to be mad, and was shot. The livery keeper now brings an action against the rider, claiming £50 damages for the loss of the horse, on the ground that it was destroyed through his negligence and unskilfulness. The question is simply whether the rider by dismounting and trying to lead the horse past the danger did what a prudent and sensible man would do, or not. The Sheriff has reserved his decision, and we are hardly surprised.

It is very satisfactory to find that so extensively well-informed and able an authority as Mr. Buchan, lately secretary to Lord Milner, takes, on the whole, a highly optimistic view of the probable future of all South Africa. There are very few whose opinion on the general situation ought to command more attention, and it is well that a reasoned opinion of this kind should be thrown across the track of so much irresponsible pessimism as we often hear expressed. It may be remembered, for our comfort, that a precisely similar pessimism was very fashionable at one time with a certain section in regard to any chance of ameliorating the general condition of Egypt. A correspondent writing to us from Merowe speaks of the "extraordinary progress" in the country since 1898, when he last saw

it. The revenue of the province—that of Dongola—is rising by the proverbial “leaps and bounds”; and it is a revenue fairly raised, without the oppression and extortion by the official class that was the rule in days preceding the wars against the Mahdi. It is thus in the North of Africa; and there is much better reason to hope that it will be not otherwise in the South.

A good instance of the satisfactory results which can be obtained by the vigilant enforcement of the regulations for the protection of wild birds is supplied by the work of the Bird Protection Society in Essex. Two areas have been chosen as demanding special attention, the semi-suburban area round Epping Forest and the stretches of “saltings” and foreshore along the coastline, which provide a nesting site for many scarce and interesting birds. In both there has been a most noticeable increase of many of the more persecuted species. In the Epping Forest area the two common species of owls are more than holding their own, while magpies are said to be commoner than for years past, while, as in many other parts of the country, there has been a most welcome increase in the numbers of two of the

most beautiful of British birds, the goldfinch and kingfisher. On the coast at least one nesting colony of the little tern, which a few seasons ago was almost extinguished, is now thriving again, while ringed plovers are breeding freely on the foreshore. There is never any reason why an order of the Home Secretary should remain a dead letter in any county area if sufficient local interest in its enforcement is forthcoming to stimulate and supplement the vigilance of the village policeman.

When H.R.H. the Duke of Connaught presented the Dublin Zoo with the young elephant a short time ago, the Duchess gave a fine Indian panther. Whether the voyage from the East, or the too great kindness of those on board in supplying a superabundance of tit-bits, upset its health, the poor panther was in a bad way when it arrived in Dublin. Now, however, it has become quite healthy and sprightly again, and is a very great pet. It is so tame and gentle that anyone may with impunity put his or her hand through the bars and stroke its head, a familiarity which it acknowledges as gratefully as a pet tabby.

PLOUGHING-TIME.

NOW that January is well advanced, farmers are naturally anxious to have an opportunity of making up for the long arrears of ploughing caused by the excessive moisture of the last season. Many thousands of acres, that

improvements made were that the wearing parts became gradually covered with plates of iron. A coulter, or cutting-knife, was put on in front, and a twist was given the mould board, whereby the soil could be turned or inverted. Antique



Copyright

TWILIGHT.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

ought to have been sown with winter wheat, are still lying fallow, and as soon as the dry winds of spring come every effort will have to be made to make up arrears. Very timely, therefore, comes the excellent article on “Ploughs and Ploughing”

which Mr. Primrose McConnell has contributed to the Journal of the Board of Agriculture; it is a very thorough article, and, beginning at the very start, goes into every aspect of the question. The plough might well be used to illustrate the conservative tendencies of those who cultivate the soil. From the most ancient times up to the memory of some who are still living, it consisted simply of a crooked branch of a tree, and, as Mr. McConnell puts it, “the horse was yoked to one end, the man held the other, while a projecting middle part formed a sort of grabber.” The

ploughs of this kind still exist within twenty miles of London.

On the question of improvements, it comes naturally first to consider the mechanical laws governing the action of the plough. The implement is a combination of the wedge and the lever. The “body” of the plough is the wedge, which splits off the furrow-slice from the solid “land,” while the stilts act as a lever for moving this wedge up, down, or sideways. Now even here we obtain a point of departure between the English and the American plough. The longer the arm of a lever is the stronger it will be, and for our heavy soils we require long stilts; but for the fluffy soil of the prairies less strength is required, and accordingly the American plough tends to become



Copyright

HARD PULLING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

very short in the stilt, and is consequently unfitted for work in England. That may be taken as one reason why the implement-makers of Great Britain, after being for a while eclipsed by those of the United States, are once more chock full of orders. The mechanical principles involved in the draught of the plough are described as follows by Mr. McConnell: "The centre of draught is situated behind the heel of the share, about two inches above the sole-plate or level of the



Copyright

A FOUR-IN-HAND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

bottom of the furrow, and two inches from the cheek-plate or land side. Round this point the various forces or resistances, due to the turning furrow-slice, the cutting action of the coulter, the wedge action of the share, and the pressure of the solid ground on the land side, are balanced." A very careful examination follows this, but it is somewhat too technical for condensation here, so we pass on to the mould board, in which the greatest change during the last twenty years has been made. In the olden time it was literally a board covered with iron to make it wear longer. Afterwards it was made of iron, usually by the village blacksmith. It was sold in a rough condition, so that it took a week's ploughing to get a smooth surface on it, but the modern one is a plate of chilled steel as smooth as ice.

One of the great advances in the improvement of the plough was the application of wheels, whereby the width and depth of the furrow-slice can be regulated. As a matter of fact, the cultivable soil of many fields is only about a foot and a-half in depth, and rests on a plate of hard subsoil that has never been touched for centuries. The tearing up and consequent aeration of the subsoil is advantageous in the end, but dangerous for a time. Wheels have now become generally used even in Scotland, where a strong prejudice against them existed for a long time. The advantages of them are that they keep the plough steadily at the one regular depth and width, so that less depends on the skill of the workman than used to be the case; they also reduce the actual draught, on the principle that a wheeled carriage requires less power to haul it than one which is not wheeled; and they carry the plough along more accurately on the line of draught. Mr. McConnell holds that the skim-coulter is so indispensable that no satisfactory work can be done without it. He points out that a new style of disc-coulter has now become common in America—namely, one fitted to run on a swivel, like a caster-wheel. Another little improvement which he notices in Transatlantic ploughs is the use of a spring clevis, or bridle—that is, "a spring arrangement coming between the draught chain and the beam of the plough." It obviates shock or jerkiness from stony land.

In regard to the disc-plough now being freely introduced

into this country we must quote Mr. McConnell in full. He says: "The principle of it is simply the same as is adopted in the case of the disc-harrow, the disc-coulter for corn drills, and other adaptations of the revolving disc. In this plough the place of the wrest with all its adjuncts is taken by a revolving concave circular plate of steel, which—set at the same angles as the mould board would be fixed at, perpendicularly and horizontally—cuts its way through the land, revolving as it goes along, and

turning over and pulverising the land at the same time. The success of this implement on the other side of the Atlantic makes it certain that it would succeed here—at least on the higher soils and in stubble work—while on the principle that rotation causes less friction than sliding, it must be easier of draught in proportion to the work done." Mr. McConnell's summing up of the matter is that the modern plough is developing into a machine which he describes as follows: "The frame will run on the adjustable wheels, to which is attached a disc-breast, with skim-coulter to suit; there will be a seat for the driver, a spring bridle attachment, the wearing surfaces will be of chilled and polished cast-steel, and the whole of the frame and other parts of comparatively light malleable ribbed steel; while a tail-knife or prong will be fitted on for the purpose of helping the breaking-up and spreading of the furrow-slice. Probably one furrow will be adopted instead of two, but that will be wide in proportion to its depth, and be much broken up as it is turned

over." We cannot do better than advise our readers who are interested in ploughs and ploughing to get the publication and study it for themselves.

We have only an additional point to direct attention to, and this is in regard to the developments that may be expected in the future. Mr. McConnell anticipates a great development of the motor-plough. He thinks the convenient adaptability of the oil-engine is rendering this possible, and the invention of a direct traction-motor adaptable to all kinds of farmwork, he thinks, is now practically accomplished. Yet he sounds a note of warning in regard to labour-saving devices. They are, as every practical farmer knows, attended with one great inconvenience, and, as far as we can see, that must continue to be the case in future. In agriculture there are times when a great number of hands are required to work simultaneously. Weeding and hoeing, harvesting and root-lifting, may be given as examples; but the



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AUTUMN PLOUGHING.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

farmer who has dispensed with as much labour as he could possibly spare, is hard put to it to find extra workers at the time when he wants them. That is the great difficulty of the moment in the country. For many weeks at a time one or two farm labourers may be able to do the whole of the work. Then there is a sudden demand for a gang of them, and, of course, they are not to be found. How this difficulty is to be got over is really the problem of the future. Some politicians

are of opinion that the solution of the problem will be found in the establishment of small holdings, the occupiers of which would be employed on their own land most of the year, but would be glad to eke out their profits with such earnings as could be obtained by occasional work at the large farms. In spite of all this, however, Mr. McConnell concludes it to be a certainty that "if our arable farming is to head the procession of the world in the future as it has done in the past, modern implements and modern styles of work must be adopted."

FROM THE FARMS.

VARIATIONS IN MILK.

PROFESSOR GILCHRIST, late of Reading, and now of the Durham College of Science, Newcastle-on-Tyne, has reprinted in pamphlet

form the lecture on "Variations in the Composition of Milk and their Probable Causes," which he read before the Farmers' Association some time ago. A number of farmers agreed to put their herds at the disposal of Professor Gilchrist, and others had their cows regularly tested. After a careful examination of the results, both as regards the individual milk and mixed milk of each herd, Professor Gilchrist draws up some very interesting conclusions. The first of these is that the morning's milk of a herd may very frequently be under the standard of 3 per cent. of fat when milking takes place early in the afternoon, to allow of this milk being retailed on the same day. He says that the only effective remedy is to milk three times a day, and to have the third milking as late in the evening as possible. The second conclusion is that the milk of some cows may be under the standard, even when the intervals are nearly even. The

writer says that in this case no prosecution should take place until the cows have been tried; but, on the other hand, it is a fair contention that the farmers should be obliged to have cows that will yield a fair percentage of butter fat. The third conclusion he draws is that "the appeal to the cow" is not always a safe one, as in one herd a variation of 1 per cent. was shown between the morning and the evening milk. His fourth conclusion is that the solids, not fat, vary with the season, and the fifth that feeding has very little to do with the quality of the milk, while his sixth deduction is that the weather has a very important influence on its production. Seventhly, he has found that cows of an excitable disposition show more variation than those of a more serene and placid character. These are the more important of the conclusions arrived at by Professor Gilchrist, and they are calculated to act as suggestive and useful hints to dairy farmers.

WILDFIRE IN SHEEP.

Information has been received at the Board of Agriculture and Fisheries of an outbreak in the western counties of England of what appears to be a new disease, called "wildfire," in sheep. It bears a close resemblance in its symptoms to foot and mouth disease, but in its real nature is quite different. Whereas cattle and pigs suffer from foot and mouth, "wildfire" seems to be confined to sheep. The lesions of wildfire are confined to the skin. It generally commences around the hoof, and extends sometimes as high as the knee and hock. It may, at the same

time, be found to exist in the same animals on the skin round the margin of the lips and over the sides of the face. It appears to be contagious, but, luckily, is seldom attended with fatal results, especially if the affected animals are kept away from moisture and fed upon diets which can easily be taken up by the lips. There does not seem to be any heroic remedy for the disease, but like many other illnesses, it is best treated by careful nursing and attention. Indeed, that is a golden rule for beasts as for men. Some people appear to think that every ill flesh is heir to needs a draught or a pill, while the doctor knows recovery to be far more dependent on care, diet, exercise, and what goes with them.

THE TITHE RENT-CHARGE.

The Septennial average of wheat, on which the value of tithe rent-charge is calculated, has just been issued. It shows a

slight rise, the value of £100 being £69 19s. 6d., the highest point that has been reached since 1895, when it was over £71. The minimum was reached in 1900, and this is the third year in succession to show an advance. From 1877 to 1900 there was a steady decline from £112 7s. 5½d. to £66 15s. 9¾d. As many livings are still dependent upon tithes, it will be seen that the decrease in income of a considerable number of clergymen amounted to between 40 and 50 per cent., a proportion that meant extreme distress in households whose livelihood ought not to have been in any way dependent upon the produce of agriculture. Before that the fluctuation had been slight. When tithes were commuted in 1836 the value of the nominal £100 was £98 13s. 9¾d. For four or five years it continued at that, then it went up to £102 and £105, but in 1849 it fell again to the original £98 16s. 10d., and continued at or about the same figure till 1855. It rose in the dear days of the Crimean War, and

again in that flourishing period of agriculture between 1867 and 1879 it was continually above par.

A BOOK OF THE WEEK.

ANY new literary experiment by Mr. Thomas Hardy could not be other than interesting, but his latest excursion into the realms of novelty must be described as one of the most extraordinary feats ever attempted by any writer holding a place in English letters. *The Dynasts* (Macmillan) is called a drama on the cover, but the author explains carefully in the preface that this is a misnomer. It is "writing in play shape, not to be played." He thus consciously departs from the original intention of such writing. Drama in itself is, or ought to be, action. A dramatic poem is the speech of those who mimic action, as the epic is the speech of him who relates without imitation, and the lyric is the speech of him who sings. To strip Mr. Hardy's preface of some of its misleading phrases, *The Dynasts* appears to us to be simply a novel written in conversational form. At the end of the preface he suggests that a practical compromise might be made between those who think a play ought to be played and those who prefer to read such a work as this in the closet. His idea is that it might be represented with "a monotonic delivery of speeches, with dreamy, conventional gestures, something in



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THE CROWN OF THE HILL.

"C.L."

the manner traditionally maintained by the old Christmas mummers, the curiously hypnotising impressiveness of whose automatic style—that of persons who spoke by no will of their own—will be remembered by all who ever experienced it. Gauzes or screens to blur outlines might still further shut off the actual." During next autumn, perhaps, we may find some performers who will attempt to render *The Dynasts* in this manner.

For their benefit it may be worth while to glance at the construction, though it may be as well to point out first that Mr. Hardy has overstepped his mark. It would almost seem as though he had taken the eulogies of the fifteenth-rate critics who do the reviewing in daily papers as a serious verdict on his work. Not otherwise can we explain the curious self-complacency with which he tries to place on the stage such men as Pitt, Fox, Sheridan, Napoleon, Murat, Soult, Ney, and the other most eminent characters of the time. Only one man in English literature has performed a similar feat successfully, and even he who limned for us Wolsey and Poins and Prince Hal might well have "held his breath for a time" if called upon to undertake a task like this. Further, Mr. Hardy, in bringing in the supernatural agencies which he calls "The Ancient Spirit of the Years," "The Spirit of the Pities," "Spirits Sinister and Ironic," "The Spirit of Rumour," and so forth, is challenging comparison with one of the greatest men the world has produced. He is backing *The Dynasts* against "Faust," and what Mr. Hardy calls the "Fore Scene" is really a sort of Prologue in Heaven; but we venture to say that never since the beginning of the world have spirits been gifted with such a lingo as they are made to speak here. Lest we should seem to exaggerate, let us give a few examples. Says the Spirit of the Years:

"You cannot swerve the pulsion of the Byss."

We fancy that most people will prefer the other place if a jargon like this be spoken in Heaven. The Spirit Sinister, whom we may describe as the Mephistopheles of the piece, utters his weird oracles as follows:

"Hence we've rare dramas going—more so since

It wove Its web in that Ajaccian womb!"

More recondite still is the manner in which the Spirit of the Pities vents its, his, or her, passion, for Pity, too, seems to have drunk not of the water of Helicon, but from that stream in Wessex which yields us so strange an English of this brand:

"For the large potencies

Instilled into his idiosyncrasy—

To throne fair Liberty in Privilege' room—

Are taking taint, and sink to common plots

For his own gain."

"Large potencies instilled into his idiosyncrasy" is good!

The Recording Angel sets down not the facts, but certain meditations in the impressionist style in a lilt not unfamiliar to students of Mr. Hardy. Of it we give the following example, culled chiefly for its harmony and sweetness:

"While one they eye, flushed from his crowning,

Ranks legions around him

To shake their enisled neighbour nation

And close her career!"

Such are a few specimens of the conversation of these "phantom intelligences," or "impersonated abstractions," who should, as it were, give the keynote to the drama that follows. But they dodge in and out of the play on its very long course. We do not propose to go carefully into the drama until it is completed, as this volume is stated to be only the first part, and two more are to follow. It will then have achieved at least one distinction, namely, that of being the longest printed drama in the English, and probably in any other, language. There are in it about 150 individual characters, and also hosts of Peers, Ministers, ex-Ministers, Members of Parliament, persons of quality, the Lord Mayor and Corporation of London, two beacon watchers, coach and other highway passengers, messengers, servants, rustics, French naval officers and petty officers, regiments of the French Army, aides, officials, pages, priests, acolytes, choristers, Italian doctors, Presidents of Institutions, regiments of the Austrian Army, regiments of the Russian Army, English ladies, princesses and ladies of Josephine's Court, seven Milanese young ladies, city and towns women, countrymen, country-women, and ship-women. The demand for supers would be extraordinary if the play were produced.

Perhaps a brief description of the third scene of the first act, which is laid in "London: the Old House of Commons," will give an idea of the rest. It begins with a kind of miniature prologue spoken by angels and spirits in this way. Angel number one sings to aerial music:

"Feeble-framed dull unresolve, unresourcefulness,
Sat in the halls of the Kingdom's high Councillors,
Whence an untactical torpid despondency
Weighed as with winter the national mind."

After the halls of Heaven have done resounding with this melody the fairy phantoms enter the gallery of the House in the disguise of ordinary strangers, and Sheridan rises. He makes a number of

jokes which are interpolated with such phrases as "laughter" in this wise:

"And like the catamarans their sapience shaped
All fizzle and no harm. (Laughter.)"

The modern reporter would have put in "screams of laughter" at a joke like this.

Pitt follows, and makes a long oration of a kind that Dr. Johnson scarcely would have imagined for him. Feeble folk have been heard to complain that the proceedings of the present House of Commons are somewhat lacking in liveliness and interest, but that was before they had an opportunity of reading Mr. Thomas Hardy. If they like such specimens as we have selected, they can be heartily recommended to turn to the book itself, which contains shoals of gems equal in value to those we have, so to speak, put out on the window.

Serious students of literature will receive this book with nothing except the most absolute and unfeigned regret. It makes it perfectly evident, even to those who recognise fully what Mr. Hardy's gifts are, that he is totally unaware of his own limitations, and without even a rudimentary outfit is ready to engage with a light heart on "things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme." The publication of a work such as this promises to be when completed will throw a new light on the intellectual biography of the author. His reputation will scarcely be able to stand it.

HUNTING THE BADGER.



T. A. Metcalfe.

A BAGGED BADGER.

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WE have received from our valued contributor, Mr. T. A. Metcalfe, some very interesting photographs showing the incidents in a badger-hunt—one of those exceptional badger-hunts that arrive at a successful conclusion. They did catch the badger, and he proved to be a large one weighing 29½ lb. The system followed was very characteristic of the rustic sportsman. Three young men planned it, so to speak, out of their own heads. As is well known, the badger emerges from his earth at about dusk, much earlier than most people imagine, for the writer has on many occasions been, literally speaking, up a tree watching him. Now at first he entirely failed to get a view of the nocturnal wanderer, although perfectly sure that he was out on the prowl each time; but the truth was that he went too late, and as the animal did not return until daylight was breaking in the morning, he missed him. But



T. A. Metcalfe.

THE ATTACK.

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T. A. Metcalfe. ONCE BIT, TWICE SHY. Copyright

when the time chosen was that delightful hour which is described in the Scotch song as "between the gloaming and the mirk when the kye come hame," his patience was rewarded. In the case under discussion, however, it was not necessary to see the badger. What the young men did was to place a sack in the mouth of the earth. One man was left in charge of this, so that he might be ready when the badger ran into the sack; the others took an old foxhound and the miscellaneous assortment of terriers that formed their pack, and went out into the woods to hunt the badger home. Home he went in great style, and in his panic of fear, never looking at the sack, rushed into it and was caught. Naturally, the dogs were tried upon the captive. Probably they had not been very carefully entered for "varmint," and, indeed, it is so long since badger-baiting was popular that very few dogs know anything of it. At any rate, these failed ignominiously. It will be seen that a terrier took up the business gaily, and, with stiff hackles and erect stern, gallantly attacked the enemy, and was cleverly snapped in the act by Mr. Metcalfe. But the badger did not stir from his position. He countered the dog's attack with a vicious snap, and the dog did not feel inclined to resume the fight. Moreover, the men were out more for the fun of catching the badger than of baiting him when caught, and so dogs and men and brock all went home in a state of harmony befitting the season.

The occurrence is interesting as showing that the badger is not nearly so scarce in England as he once was, though, his habits being nocturnal, he manages consistently to evade capture. Yet, curiously enough, as Mr. Metcalfe points out, one was killed by a night train a few miles north of Pickering. It weighed 32lb. This accident was a very curious one to happen to an animal of such shy and hiding habits as the badger.

THE RECORD . . . RAINFALL OF 1903.

NONE who take even a passing interest in the weather, and certainly no farmer, will ever forget the year 1893, nor that of 1895. The former on account of the extraordinary heat and drought which characterised its spring and early summer, and the latter on account of its remarkably prolonged and severe frost. The winter of 1894-95, too, is not likely to be forgotten by the water companies and the Londoner. With hundreds of miles of main pipes burst, vast numbers of unfortunate London and suburban householders had to be content for many weeks with a few miserable pails of water doled grudgingly out to them daily by the men employed by the companies to supply their suffering clients from the vestry water-carts. There are few who do not recall, or who have not heard of, the diluvian year of 1879, which gave a total fall to London of 31.99in., and whose summer, until the year which has just closed, held the unenviable position of being the wettest in the south of England of recent times. But the atrocities of 1903 have caused the evil fame of 1879 to sink into comparative insignificance. The latter, indeed, repented of its wickedness by the autumn, and made all the amends in its power in its old age by establishing a record for the driest fourth quarter in several parts of the country. But 1903 knew no repentance, but energetically persisted in its evil ways throughout October, and only reluctantly and gradually relaxed its efforts when the approach of the New Year reminded it that its course was running to a close.

To compare 1903 with the early years of the last century is not easy, as for those days, which may be styled pre-meteorological, very few trustworthy records are available. But those of the Greenwich Observatory probably represent fairly well the south-east of England, and there we find that the heaviest falls were the rather doubtful 36.3in. in 1824, 33.3in. in 1841, and 34.0in. in 1852.

THE NORTHERN HALF OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

Stations.	Total Fall for 1903.		Difference from the Average.
	In.	In.	
Alnwick ...	39.6	+ 8.5	
Durham ...	30.8	+ 3.2	
North Shields ...	32.9	+ 7.8	
Scarborough ...	29.7	+ 1.7	
Stonyhurst ...	58.9	+ 11.0	
Aspatia ...	54.6	?	
Blackpool ...	45.4	+ 11.4	
Manchester ...	45.2	+ 7.4	
Liverpool ...	34.5	+ 5.7	
Chester ...	32.0	?	
Llandudno ...	38.5	+ 7.3	
Holyhead ...	45.0	+ 10.6	
Harrogate ...	39.6	+ 8.3	
Bawtry ...	26.6	+ 1.8	
Cheadle ...	39.2	+ 5.6	

THE SOUTHERN HALF OF ENGLAND AND WALES.

Stations.	Total Fall for 1903.		Difference from the Average.
	In.	In.	
Hereford ...	37.4	+ 10.5	
Cirencester ...	41.1	+ 9.9	
Oxford ...	35.9	+ 10.6	
Cambridge ...	30.7	+ 7.9	
Rothamsted ...	36.3	+ 8.2	
London ...	38.0	+ 13.6	
Swarraton ...	44.0	+ 12.5	
Shaftesbury ...	39.1	+ 5.1	
Southampton ...	43.2	+ 12.3	
Yarmouth ...	25.1	= 1.3	
Pembroke ...	41.7	+ 6.4	
Bath ...	42.0	+ 11.2	
Arlington ...	67.8	+ 14.5	
Cullompton ...	42.7	+ 7.2	
Falmouth ...	54.1	+ 7.4	

WEST OF SCOTLAND.

Glencarron ...	108.4	+ 21.6
Fort William ...	106.5	+ 28.8
Laudale ...	112.2	+ 36.9
Glasgow ...	53.3	+ 13.5

EAST OF SCOTLAND.

Wick ...	35.9	+ 7.3
Lairg ...	46.4	+ 9.4
Nairn ...	29.1	+ 4.4
Leith ...	30.9	+ 7.5

WEST OF IRELAND.

Blacksod ...	60.9	+ 12.4
Valencia ...	67.5	+ 11.5
Killarney ...	64.8	+ 8.3
Foynes ...	50.0	+ 11.6

EAST OF IRELAND.

Donaghadee ...	37.9	+ 6.3
Dublin ...	31.6	+ 3.8
Waterford ...	52.3	+ 10.3
Kilkenny ...	42.1	+ 9.3

Upon an examination of the above table, it is at once observed that the gigantic aggregates of the west of Scotland, with their more than 100in. or 3yds. of rain, tower above all the others, and make those for the southern and eastern regions appear of little importance. But it must be remembered that, owing to the mountains lying to the east, and to the fact that it lies in the path of the majority of the cyclonic disturbances which reach these islands from the ocean, that region, with certain spots in Cumberland, must, in the nature of things, be far more rainy than any other part of the kingdom. The difference between the falls in the west and east of Scotland does, nevertheless, seem remarkable when the comparatively small mileage which separates the two districts is considered. Glencarron, for instance, where the year's rain amounted to the enormous figure of 108.4in., is only about sixty-five miles nearly due west from Nairn, where the aggregate was no more than 29.1in. The average fall for many spots in the east of Scotland is about the same as, or even less, than that of London, *i.e.*, 24.4in.; while at several of the western stations the fall in a normal year ranges as high as from 75in. to 86in. The same divergence, in a less marked degree, is observed between the west and east of Ireland, and the west and east of England. The inhabitants surrounding the Lakes of Killarney are accustomed to receive no less than 56.5in. as their annual allowance from Pluvius; while the citizens of Dublin have reasonable cause for complaint if he manifests his generosity by affording a much greater quantity than 27.8in. Devon and the South-West generally, again, owe their famous pastures to the fact that their yearly contribution received from the clouds varies in different districts between the high figures of 35.5in. and 50.0in. Falmouth's average is 46.7in., and that at Arlington, in North Devon, as much as 53.3in.

The tremendous falls in the west of Scotland took place early in the year, the first three months each giving amounts of more than 15in. to Fort William, Laudale (Loch Sunart), and Glencarron. At the last-named spot the total for February equalled the enormous quantity of 16.5in., or 1,650 tons per acre. In England the greater part of the rain occurred when it was least required—during the summer and autumn. Indeed, except for a period of little more than three weeks, from after the middle of June until towards the middle of July, when the hay in the south was favoured by a dry and rather warm spell, the summer existed only in name. It is noteworthy, too, how, for a time, the rain was persistently heaviest and most frequent about or within the basin of the Thames. During the earlier half of June the total fall in London was 6.17in., against the monthly average of 1.93in.; at Oxford, 5.58in., against a monthly average of 2.10in.; and at Bath, 4.29in., instead of 2.12in. Some parts of Surrey fared even worse. At Carshalton all records for the neighbourhood were lowered by the exceedingly heavy total of 8.9in. Cambridge also had a large quantity—4.75in., instead of 2.12in.; while Shoeburyness, usually one of the driest spots in the kingdom, was the recipient of 6.15in.

The end of May and the first half of June were notable for some veritable deluges in the south. At Beddington, on May 29th, there was the tremendous fall of 3·7in. The chief downpours in June occurred on the 14th, when 2·1in. fell at Shoeburyness, 2·9in. at Oxford, and 1·7in. at Rothamsted. At the two stations last mentioned these falls were followed on the 15th by more than another inch. In July and August the rain was, with some few exceptions, almost equally as heavy as those of June in the southern half of England, but the clouds had, by this time, become more impartial in their favours of vengeance, and the zealous custodians of the rain gauge were as busy in most other parts of the kingdom as those in the valley of the Thames.

July was even more remarkable than June for its large individual heavy falls. Thus, Wick had 2·3in. on the 5th; Chatham was deluged by 2·4in. and Cambridge by 2·3in. on the 23rd; while on the same day these figures were beaten by those at Tunbridge Wells and Greenwich, where the respective gauges yielded 3·2in. and 3·8in. But in the vicinity of West Ham the deluge was even greater, for there the quantity which fell within twenty-four hours on the 23rd reached the extremely rare total of 4in., or 400 tons per acre.

There were again some very weighty falls in August. At Nottingham no less than 2·76in. fell on the 24th, and ten days earlier there had been a downpour of 2·04in. at Markree, in the north-west of Ireland. The total falls for these two chief summer months were very large, ranging, as a rule, from between 3in. and 5in. and upwards in Ireland and England and the east of Scotland, while in the wettest parts of Scotland the figures for the latter month amounted to 12in. or 13in. It was during August that the London yearly average of 24·4in. was passed.

September added to the excess in most places, but the falls were far less evenly distributed than had been the case during most other months. The heaviest aggregate in England was 6·08in. at Cheadle, and the largest fall in a single day 2·2in. at

Ventnor on the 4th, and 1·8in. at Southport. The latter took place while the more southern counties were being swept by the terribly destructive gale of the 10th. But disappointing and disastrous as had been the conduct of the preceding months, it appears that they were only leading us by comparatively easy stages to the culminating month of October, which, over the country generally, far eclipsed all the previous months, both in the number of rainy days and in the aggregate fall. A few of its largest totals will be interesting in tabular form, showing both the amount and the excess over the average October.

	In.	In.		In.	In.
Laudale ...	16·5	+ 9·2	Killarney ...	8·2	+ 2·5
Arlington ...	14·1	+ 7·8	Clifton ...	7·9	+ 4·1
Southampton ...	11·1	+ 7·6	Cullompton ...	7·2	+ 3·3
Stonyhurst ...	10·8	+ 5·8	Manchester ...	7·9	+ 3·8
Harrogate ...	8·5	+ 5·2	Cirencester ...	6·8	+ 3·6
Swarraton ...	10·1	+ 6·6	Durham ...	8·0	+ 4·8
Falmoath ...	9·2	+ 4·0	Liverpool ...	7·4	+ 3·9

In addition to these huge totals, others a little above or a little below 6in. were extremely common. There was, however, one favoured spot which had less rain than during an ordinary October; it was Dublin, where the Phoenix Park measurement was only 2·34in. The exceptionally heavy falls in one day were mostly experienced in Northumberland and Durham, where on the 8th more than 2in. fell, the maximum being 2·8in. at Cockle Park, near Morpeth.

In some places the month established a new record; but this was not the case generally. The October records, indeed, are not easily overthrown, as it is, as a rule, the wettest month of the twelve. The wettest October in the metropolis, for instance, was in 1880, when the fall yielded 7·29in., and in 1882 the fall was as much as 5·44in., or 0·12in. more than that of last year. It is a curious circumstance that the driest October in London was in the year 1879, when only 0·46in. was measured.

Compared with the summer months and October, the end of the year was dry; but even then the rainfall exceeded the normal amount in many localities in the west, and it was occasionally heavy throughout the entire kingdom; but, considered as a whole, November and December were dry months in the centre, south, and east of Great Britain. A. N.

WM. DICKINSON, MEZZOTINTER.

NO fewer than eight famous mezzotinters have recently had, or are about to have, separate books devoted to an exposition of their talents and an account of their achievements; but, so far, William Dickinson has not been included among the honoured few. And surely not many mezzotinters deserve more attention for striking ability than Dickinson can claim. Some are noted for lightness of touch; others for power and resource; but Dickinson is *par excellence* the engraver who triumphs by his technical skill. Born in London in 1746, he gained a Society of Arts award at the age of twenty-one, and during the ensuing thirty or so years produced about a hundred mezzotints, some of which, in the words of the greatest authority on the subject, are "among the most brilliant specimens of the art, powerful, full of colour, excellent in drawing, and rendering of the touches of the painter."

It has been thought likely that Dickinson acquired mezzotinting from the great pioneer of the craft—James McArdell; and between 1774 and 1778 he published his own works from an address in Henrietta Street, Covent Garden. About the latter year he became associated with Thomas Watson, a brother scraper, and the two entered into partnership and succeeded to the business of Walter Shropshire, printseller, at



By William Dickinson.

ELIZABETH TAYLOR.

After Sir J. Reynolds.

158, New Bond Street. This commercial alliance is the only one of the kind known between two eminent mezzotinters, if we leave out of account the joint publishing of Valentine Green and his son Rupert.

Let us examine somewhat closely the technique of William Dickinson. Other mezzotinters relied, to a considerable extent, upon a preliminary outline of light etching; then the ground was laid, and after that came the real work of scraping. Dickinson's plates show only the slightest indications of these etched outlines, and, consequently, his work much more nearly approaches that of pure mezzotint, which, at the present day, is so greatly and so properly admired.

Again, a close inspection of the prints of most of Dickinson's contemporaries shows that, after the plates had been finished, the engravers came back to them, made changes here and additions there, and so one becomes impressed with the idea that the work was done with hesitation, and the plates embellished with after-thoughts. Take, for example, Dunkarton's well-known kneeling portrait of Mary Horneck as the "Jessamy Bride." The mezzotinting around the right breast is well done; but upon closely examining the work on the left bosom, it will be seen that the scraping has been erased and stippling has largely taken its place. In John Young's portrait of Lady Charlotte Greville, after Hoppner, much fine etched work is apparent, especially in the spaniel she is caressing; and in John Murphy's "Abraham's Sacrifice," etched work appears throughout the plate. On the other hand, Joseph Marchi's plate of "Mrs. Bouverie and Mrs. Crewe" is singularly free from, what one may call, this foreign element, and, as a consequence, the subject may be said to possess much of the soft sweet quality of a crayon drawing.

Now, if we turn our attention from the mezzotints of these engravers of renown to those scraped by William Dickinson, we are quickly arrested by their special and distinctive qualities. Added work or after-thoughts can rarely be discovered; preliminary etching, as already noted, has been reduced to a minimum—even if, in some cases, it exists at all—and we are face to face with a man possessing a thorough knowledge of the technique of his craft, whose hand is unerring and capable of performing its task without any hesitation whatever. The canvas of the painter has to be translated with fidelity and spiritual insight; and the engraver knows exactly how to set about his work, without ever being in two minds as to the way it may best be accomplished.

To substantiate the claims of William Dickinson to this special approbation, two of his mezzotints are reproduced here—his portraits of Elizabeth Taylor and of Lady Charles Spencer, after paintings by Sir Joshua Reynolds, and that needed to be translated in a different key, each from the other. Let us consider Elizabeth Taylor first. Looking at the plate as a whole, it will be evident that the ground has been laid in strength. After the rocker, the scraper; and it will be conceded that the work of the cutting tool displays the very antithesis of a mechanical touch. The face has been fashioned with beauty and the features chiselled with delicacy. Then notice the dress. The touches of light on the skirt and sleeves are not stiffly drawn with mechanical care, but by their grace might have been put in by Sir Joshua himself with white chalk, and the dark lines of pattern in the shawl around the shoulders might have been made with a crayon. It is not suggested that all this detail work is nothing but pure mezzotinting, for as Dickinson was also a most expert and fairly prolific stipple engraver, he employed pure mezzotint as far as he needed, and then accentuated his local small darks with stippling, or even with the aid of acid, introduced so skilfully that it never obtrudes, and is, indeed, difficult to detect. *Artis est celare artem.*

Turning now to the portrait of Lady Charles Spencer, we



By William Dickinson.

LADY CHARLES SPENCER.

After Sir J. Reynolds.

find a change in the character of the mezzotinting. The work of the former plate was suggestive of the light and airiness of the ballroom; now it is made suitable for the sterner aspect of the hunting-field. Accordingly this second plate is cast in a severer mould. In the former we had muslin, now we have cloth; in that we had faint and fleecy lights and shades, in this are strong effects and sombre shadows. Lady Charles is clad in heavy riding costume, wears thick gloves, has a felt hat in her hand, and affectionately, but firmly, holds her horse.

The difference in the treatment of the two plates is apparent at once. The face of Elizabeth Taylor is bright with sunny light, that of Lady Charles is depicted with strong chiaroscuro. It is not necessary to emphasise the differences of treatment of the two mezzotints; an examination of the reproductions here given will bring them into relief. Some slight traces of etched work may be found in this latter plate, but the lines are most sparingly introduced, and the sharp shades are chiefly effected by the stippling, which requires a strong glass to find.

The partnership between William Dickinson and Thomas Watson must have been a congenial one, and while together many of their best plates were engraved and jointly published; and there is no reason to think otherwise than that they worked upon each other's plates. On May Day, 1779, they published Watson's most famous mezzotint of Lady Bampfylde, and four months later issued Dickinson's magnificent plate of Lady Diana Crosbie. These are among the very finest mezzotints in existence, and in all probability the two great engravers had a share in the work on each of the plates. The prints, issued so soon after the partnership commenced, might be termed diploma productions, to prove the powers of the two engravers.

In conclusion, and by way of change of work and style, we reproduce one of Valentine Green's gems of mezzotint, Lady Elizabeth Compton, which for some unexplainable reason has



By Valentine Green.

LADY ELIZABETH COMPTON.

After Sir J. Reynolds.

not yet startled the collecting public by realising a sensational figure in the saleroom, though its day of triumph must come sooner or later. With Valentine Green we have touch and handling widely different from those of Dickinson or Watson, and that stand for all that is best in refinement and delicacy. One may safely say that Green engraved two of the finest hands to be found in the whole range of mezzotint—the one depicted here and the left hand in the portrait of the Countess of Aylesford.

ALFRED WHITMAN.

IN THE GARDEN.

BRAMBLES AND BLACKBERRIES. (CONTINUED).

LAST week we wrote generally about the Brambles and Blackberries, and we will now consider the most beautiful kinds.

Rubus australis (Tataramoa).—This is a native of New Zealand, and is only half-hardy, except in a few of the warmer parts of the country. It succeeds well, however, in many places if given the shelter of a wall, and is worth growing if it is found to answer, as it is very distinct and ornamental. The flowers are pinkish white, sometimes entirely white, sweet-scented, and freely produced on thriving plants. The leaves are variable in shape. The fruit is of a yellow colour.

R. biflorus (the White-stemmed Bramble).—This is a native of the Temperate Himalaya, and makes strong, much-branched stems upwards of 10ft. in height, covered with a thick, white bloom, which gives the plant a distinct appearance, especially in the winter-time when the leaves are off. The flowers are white, followed by fairly sweet golden yellow fruits. The

leaves are made up of from three to five leaflets which are white beneath, and hairy on the upper surface. The stems are armed with strong recurved prickles.

R. crataegifolius.—This is a native of North-Eastern Asia and Japan, and is a distinct and pretty plant with its reddish, prickly stems and variously-shaped leaves, which somewhat resemble those of the common Hawthorn. The flowers are white, followed by dark red fruits.

R. deliciosus.—This is a beautiful shrub from the Rocky Mountains, growing about 6ft. high, and bears a general resemblance in its growth and leaves to the flowering Currant. The flowers are large, pure white, and freely produced in April and May. The fruits are broad and flattened, of a dark purplish-red colour when ripe, sticky and unpleasant to handle, and of insipid flavour. There are two forms of this in cultivation in this country, of which the commoner is, however, the best.

R. laciniatus (the cut-leaved Bramble).—This is a plant for the wild or kitchen garden, as it is a very strong-growing and rambling plant. It is of garden origin, and is worth growing for its fruits, which are large and firm, and make excellent preserve. There is a form of this with thin branches and small, lacinated leaves, about one-third the size of those of the type, which is known under the names of *R. l. elegans*, *R. l. minor*, or *R. Quintlandii*.

R. lasiocarpus.—This is a native of the Himalayan region, and bears small, deep pink flowers and red or orange-coloured fruits. The leaves are from 6in. to 10in. in length, and are made up of from five to nine ovate-leaflets 2in. to 3in. long. The branches are long and rambling.

R. lasiostylus.—This is a white-stemmed Rubus from China, which makes a splendid ornamental plant where it will succeed, but it is rather more tender than *R. biflorus*, and will probably never take the place of that species for general planting. It succeeds well, however, against a wall in most parts.

R. leucodermis.—This is another Rubus with white stems from North America, which is often confounded with *R. biflorus*, but differs from the latter in its height, which is rarely more than 6ft., and its fruits, which are practically small red Raspberries. The stems, too, are more slender, and unbranched.

R. nutans.—This is a small, spreading, semi-herbaceous species, about 1ft. high, from the Temperate Himalaya, and makes an excellent plant for the rock garden. The leaves spring from a woody root-stock, and die off during the winter. The flowers are white, about 1in. across, and the fruits are bright scarlet.

R. nutkanus (Salmon-berry).—This is a Raspberry-like plant from North America. It grows very thick and dense, and requires a place where it has plenty of room to ramble about. The flowers are comparatively large, pure white, and are followed by broad, flat, crimson fruits.

R. odoratus.—This is a strong-growing, upright plant, reaching a height of 8ft. to 10ft. under good conditions. The flowers are rosy purple and freely produced. This and the preceding both thrive well in partial shade. It is a native of North America.

R. phanicolasius (the Japanese Wineberry).—This has come to the front of late years as a fruiting plant, the red fruits being highly appreciated by many. It is also highly decorative and of a strong and vigorous

habit. The whole plant is covered with reddish hairs, and bears small pale pink or white flowers followed by bright red fruits. One peculiarity of the plant is that the calyx is longer than the petals, and as soon as the fruit is set it closes over it, and does not open again until the fruit begins to colour.

R. spectabilis.—A vigorous and spreading Bramble, native of North America, and one that requires plenty of room to properly develop. It spreads by suckers, and in a few years a single plant will form a dense clump, 6ft. or more in diameter, so that it should be planted in a wild part of the garden. The flowers are reddish purple, followed by red fruits. The leaves are nearly glabrous, the leaflets being ovate and serrated.

R. thyrsoides var. *flor.-pleno* (the double white Bramble).—This is a strong-growing plant, 10ft. or more in height, and bears semi-double, pure white flowers. Although there is no point about this plant that can be objected to, yet it is not so ornamental or so popular as might be supposed from a description of it.

R. ulmifolius var. *flor.-pleno* (*R. bellidiflorus*).—The double pink Bramble. In growth and habit this resembles the preceding plant, but the double flowers are of a bright pink colour, and individually bear a strong resemblance to a fine double Daisy. This and the preceding make good plants for covering rustic arches, etc.

R. ulmifolius var. *leucocarpus*.—This is a strong-growing Bramble worthy of mention by reason of its fruits, which are pale yellow or nearly white, and very freely produced. The plant has quite a striking appearance amongst Brambles when in fruit.

R. villosus.—This is a North American species which fruits freely in this country, but is of no ornamental value; it is only mentioned because from it some of the finer of the named American Blackberries have been produced.

R. xanthocarpus.—This is suitable for a sunny part of the rockery, where its elegantly-cut leaves and bright yellow fruits can be displayed to advantage.

The Brambles can be grown almost anywhere, preferably in a moderately dry and poor soil, where the rampant growth of the majority is naturally restricted to a certain extent. Propagation is effected by seeds, suckers, or layers; but Rubi, like Roses, cross-fertilise very readily, and probably many hybrid forms would be obtained amongst seedlings, unless care were taken to keep the plants isolated. Suckers are readily produced on the majority, and, in default of these, the points of the shoots can be layered, when they soon form roots, and make good plants.

RANDOM NOTES.

Holly in the Winter Landscape.—In a recent number of the *Garden* attention was drawn to "Holly in the Winter Landscape," and the following remarks occur in the article: "In no other country does Holly thrive as it does with us, and for that reason, if for no other, we should make it a main feature in our English landscape, encouraging it in those localities where it is naturally abundant, and planting and cherishing it elsewhere. The enthusiasm of our American cousins at the first sight of a genuine English Holly in full fruit should be an object-lesson to a 'Britisher.' It takes rank in their minds with all other old-world associations, which to them are so sacred, but which, too often, only become precious to us when wide ocean separates us from them. Our forefathers were fond of planting belts of forest trees as a protection to their dwellings, or, maybe, they planted their dwellings within the sheltering embrace of trees already grown, for in many cases these encircling groves are more ancient than the buildings they surround. We can call to mind some old-time manor house, shut in by gaunt, leafless trees, set evidently with intention at the outset rather close together, but which, through neglect of later dynasties, have never been properly thinned out or allowed room for development. Who has not felt on occasion that the shelter afforded by such skeleton trees, tossing their lean branches against a leaden sky, is somewhat dearly bought, even on a winter's day, at the expense of ghostly gloom and damp depression? What a change for the better, under these and similar conditions, might follow a liberal use of hatchet and saw, and the careful grouping amidst the survivors of bright-leaved Hollies, which have nothing morbid or creepy about them. For the sake, then, of our English scenery, no less than for the outdoor surroundings of our English homes, let us take all the care we can both in the conservation and the renewing of our most precious English evergreen—the Holly."

The Witch Hazels.—There is little flower beauty in the garden early in the year, but one group of shrubs blooms at this time, and they are called Witch Hazels, or Hamamelis, to use the botanical name. *H. arborea*, the tree Witch Hazel, is the most beautiful of the race, and in the clear sunlight of a January day its twisted golden yellow flowers shine like little stars on the brown leafless stems. The calyx is crimson, and we thus get a rich contrast. It is mentioned in "Trees and Shrubs for English Gardens" as "worth using with some shrubs like *Gaultheria procumbens* as a groundwork." Though the place

must be fairly open, as sunshine is the breath of life to the Hamamelis, it is wise to choose a spot sheltered from cold winds. *H. arborea* is a shrub we would not willingly dispense with, because of its early flowering, when to visit the spot where it is in flower has peculiar pleasure. It is a native of China. Another very charming Hamamelis is *H. japonica zuccariniana*, and another kind from Japan has broad leaves and wavy bright yellow flowers. *H. virginica* is the oldest species. It was introduced to Britain from Eastern North America as long ago as 1736, but it is without the rich beauty of *H. arborea* or *mollis*. The pale yellow flowers appear in autumn, and the leaves are so much like those of the English Hazel as to give rise to the popular name. We advise planting a group of *H. arborea*, as is done in the Royal Gardens, Kew.

ICE-FLOWERS, OR HOAR-FROST IN THE ENGADINE

HOAR-FROST, to the extent shown in the accompanying illustrations, is seldom seen in the dry winter climate of the Engadine. Now and then, however, a fog hangs suspended during the night, and the next morning the entire valley is a glittering fairyland. Photographers



Mrs. A. Le Blond.

ICE-FLOWERS ON AN ENGADINE LAKE.

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need to be early astir with their cameras, for directly the sun touches the trees the starry crystals begin to drop off, and the forests once more show their garments of sombre green. There are, however, certain spots near St. Moritz where, whenever a cloudless morning succeeds a cold night, hoar-frost effects may be confidently looked for. Of these the gorge of the Inn, near the electric light works, used to offer the prettiest pictures, but since so many alterations have taken place there photographers will do better along the banks of the river, between St. Moritz and Camfer. By making a few experimental exposures at these points, they will know how to secure good negatives when some morning they find the general transformation scene which may be now and then expected.

It was the late Professor Tyndall who first called these beautiful crystals of the vapour of water by the appropriate name of "ice-flowers." His explanation of the reason they take these exquisite shapes is particularly clear and interesting. In his "Forms of Water" he says: "Each magnet possesses two such poles" (attracting and repellent poles), "and if iron filings be scattered over a magnet, each particle becomes also endowed with two poles. Suppose such particles devoid of



Mrs. A. Le Blond.

ICE-FLOWERS AT CHATEAU D'OEX.

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weight and floating in our atmosphere, what must occur when they come near each other? Manifestly the repellent poles will retreat from each other, while the attractive poles will approach and finally lock themselves together. And supposing the particles, instead of a single pair, to possess several pairs of poles arranged at definite points over their surfaces, you can then picture them, in obedience to their mutual attractions and

repulsions, building themselves together to form masses of definite shape and structure. Imagine the molecules of water in calm, cold air to be gifted with poles of this description, which compel the particles to lay themselves together in a definite order, and you have before your mind's eye the unseen architecture which finally produces the visible and beautiful crystals of the snow."

BEAR-DRIVING IN THE HIMALAYAS.

THE black bear (*Ursus torquatus*) is very plentiful throughout the southern slopes of the Himalayas, and there are few sportsmen in Northern India who have not added his handsome black pelt, with its snowy half-circle on the breast, to their trophies. The black bear lives chiefly on wild fruit and berries, and finds these in plenty in the dense jungles which cover the lower valleys. But all the year round he looks forward to the ripening maize of the terraced slopes in autumn, when he proves himself the bold vagabond he is by the ruthless toll he levies on the villagers. Each village employs a watchman at these times, who, sitting perched on a machan, or platform built on poles, endeavours to persuade the visitor by means of an ancient matchlock that he is not wanted. So common, as a rule, is the black bear that a drive is regarded by the sportsman in Kashmir as more of an interesting interlude to fill a spare day than as serious attention to business—a day with the ferrets, in fact. It must be confessed that a little bear-driving goes a long way, for there is not much excite-



AT THE END OF THE DRIVE.

ment, and many chances of a blank day in the sport as practised on the usual small scale. It is given to few sportsmen, however, to assist at a drive of the magnitude depicted in the accompanying photographs, and a chance at bruin right and left at any moment is enough to whet the most jaded sporting taste. These pictures of his little covert-shoot were sent me by the Rajah of Poonch, with a very kind invitation to join in a similar party. Before it came off, however, I was

some thousands of miles away in Peking, and so can give but a second-hand account of the fun. Poonch lies to the south-west of Kashmir, and, nowhere very high, its mountains are a paradise for the angler and shot. The Rajah preserves, but is very generous in according permission to British sportsmen, and his hospitality is well known throughout the Punjab.

It may be asked whether the Rajah's preservation of bruin is not rather hard on the villagers' crops, but it is a moot point whether the annual "battue" is not at least as efficacious as the primitive efforts of the village watchman already mentioned. For days before the actual drive a great "hustling" of bruin takes



THE BEATERS AND THE BAG.

place, cordons of villagers, superintended by State officials, making towards the district which is to be the scene of the fray. The black bear is a peace-loving beast, and he soon discovers that this unusual noise and activity prevail in some quarters and not in others, and so, although an occasional De Wet may break back through the line, the majority go at least somewhere in the required direction. On the great day, an immense army of beaters, picturesque and loquacious as the Eastern only can be, is marshalled by the still more loquacious and quaintly-bedizened officials. The beaters are armed with every imaginable weapon, from bell-mouthed blunderbusses to the leaded bamboo, a fathom long, which is a general favourite. Instruments of music, which inspire great confidence in the breast of the possessor, are numerous, and consist usually of the universal kerosene oil tin, which serves every purpose in India from flower-pot to church roofing. The locality selected for the beats is usually one of the great stretches of jungle which alternate with the highly-cultivated hillside terraces. Low scrub and bushes, open, stony patches, every here and there a higher tree, every now and then an abrupt wall of rock with great fissures and cracks; everything grey-green or khaki, except a blue-black line of firs far away up the hill—that is a fairly average picture of the lower Himalayan slopes in early winter. The different beats, with an elaborate system of stops, are laid out by the chief shikari, an expert with a large trained staff. One cannot but wonder how anything is ever arranged in the East, so many experts insist on expressing a loud opinion on the matter in hand.

The rifles are posted in line a mile or more from the spot where the line of beaters deploy, and the choice of good positions always needs a good deal of care. Although bears usually come up to the guns a long way ahead of the beaters, the use of small-bore rifles with solid bullets is deprecated as possibly dangerous, and, as in all other forms of driving, it is essential to know exactly where your neighbour is, and, consequently, once posted, never to move until the beat is over.

It is unnecessary, as a rule, in bear-driving to stand anywhere but on the ground, for the black bear, though he will charge on emergency, or at times when wounded, is so clumsy and withal so blind, that there is little chance of an accident. In these large drives, however, for convenience, and when sometimes ladies are present, machans, or raised platforms, are constructed at the various stands. The beginner is apt to be flurried by the extraordinary increase in the variegated volume of sound from the beaters directly a bear—or perhaps two—is sighted, as every one yells his loudest, as much to avert a possible move of the beast in his particular direction as to warn the Sahibs of the approach of their quarry.

Added to this, the pace at which a bear moves when emerging from cover is most deceptive. His clumsy body seems to be going at no pace at all, when in reality his rolling gallop, weirdly resembling a boat in a heavy swell, clears the ground with extraordinary rapidity. A bear is no easy mark when coming straight at you, on account of this very uneven gait, and, when crossing, it is wonderful how soon he is out of the danger zone, the open space between the bushes, in which you have meant all along to bowl him over.

R. A. STEEL.

THE CONGREGATION OF BIRDS.

NOTHING in the winter life of birds is more striking than their gregarious habits in that season; those which were sociable already, like the starlings, become more so, and those which in summer prefer to keep their nearest neighbours at a good deal more than arm's length, like the lapwings, have laid aside their differences for the time being, and feed and move in company.

Of course there remain a few irreconcilables—the robin, the friend of man and the enemy of pretty nearly everyone else; the blackbird, well named by the Romans *merula*, "the little solitary"; the hermit woodpecker, and so forth; but, on the whole, winter is for the birds a time for social relaxation. And this is the case not only in cold climates where winter means biting chills and long periods of semi-starvation, but also in those more favoured lands where earth and water do not become alike impenetrable to hungry bills, and where vegetable and insect life do not stagnate for well-nigh half the year. The migrating wildfowl which cross the Himalayas to winter in India are just as gregarious on Eastern jheels as on our freezing estuaries; and the whistling-teal or tree-ducks flock there like their northern visitors,

though they are born and bred in the country, which to the latter is merely an agreeable winter resort.

The winter assemblages of our titmice and gold-crests find their parallels among the birds of warm climates. Bates, in his admirable "Naturalist on the Amazons," describes mixed flocks of various birds, usually insectivorous, which suddenly fill the forest with life and then pass on, hunting as they go. So also in India; the various bush-hunting birds occasionally form mixed flocks, which traverse the jungle in company, the short-winged species hunting among the vegetation and on the ground, while those which take their food on the wing wait to snap up the insects which escape the groundlings. A more remarkable association has been observed in Africa, where a party of storks was once observed hunting grasshoppers, and each bearing as a rider a "large copper-coloured flycatcher," which bird darted from his stork's back to pursue any insect his steed had missed. The flycatcher in question was probably one of the beautiful red African bee-eaters, for in India the little green bee-eater is commonly misnamed in this way, and no doubt the same would be the case with his large red African relative.

In the case of assemblages of winter birds in temperate climates, the flycatching species cannot take a hand in the game, inasmuch as there are no flies to catch, and the birds themselves have all gone South; but the motive for feathered assemblages, of either the same or different species, is no doubt identical in all climates. As Bates pointed out with regard to the Amazonian birds, they are much safer in numbers, since a hundred heads are better than one where a look-out has to be kept. And enemies being so much more numerous in the tropics, it is not surprising to find that birds are far more sociable there than in our own latitudes. The Eastern babblers represent the thrushes of our woods in general habits, but they are markedly more sociable, being almost always in large or small flocks, which are reluctant to break up even in the breeding season. A party of white-crested jay-thrushes was once observed to be having a dance in full view of a sitting bird, who was doubtless cheered by the entertainment, and everyone who has kept foreign finches must have noticed how, from the Java sparrow to the avadavat, they are far more attached to



THE BEARS BROUGHT HOME.

each other than our own finches; even two old males, or a pair of different species, will strike up a friendship and cuddle and preen one another. The weavers form apparent exceptions, but even these, although so pugnacious, take care to form their hanging homes within easy quarrelling distance, and the flocks continue united all the year.

They are, it must be admitted, rather exceptional in this, for breeding colonies of land birds are rare everywhere, but about the winter sociability of many Eastern species no doubt is admissible. Another advantage birds are supposed to gain from winter sociability is increased ability to find food. The lucky tom-tit who discovers a *cache* of spider's eggs sounds the dinner bell, and the whole flock comes to join him at the feast. It is, however, questionable whether the bird itself regards this as an advantage, and the real benefit he derives is doubtless the comparative immunity from surprise when at table, rather than any profit in the "share and share alike" principle. For tits are selfish little birds, and are not averse even to cannibalism in captivity; so that it is reasonable to suppose their actions in a state of Nature are not unduly altruistic. Similarly the Roman poet remarked,

"If the crow could hold his tongue while he ate,
He'd have much more dinner and less debate."

the action of the crow—at any rate, the Indian species—of cawing and waving his wings over some dainty being an obvious invitation which is likely to be abused by the unscrupulous guests. But there are kites to be reckoned with, as the crow knows, and it is better, no doubt, from his point of view, to lose part of one's dinner to a friend than the whole to an enemy.

The value which birds set on a good watch is well illustrated by their fondness for the company of species which can be relied on to give them the alarm. Colonel Hooker recommends the encouragement of coots to anyone who desires wildfowl on his piece of water, because duck always affect the company of these birds, for a very obvious reason. Sir Mallard, after a "night out," naturally returns in the morning with a conviction that his head is best under his wing, and is only too glad to be able to rely on the watchfulness of

the coot, who has been asleep respectably all night and is going about his daily business with all his senses on the alert.

I can quite confirm the Colonel's opinion as to the popularity of coots from my own experience. I kept at different times several of these birds on the Museum tank in Calcutta, and always found that they agreed excellently with the ducks, and were looked upon with a decidedly friendly eye even by the cheeky little dabchicks. The coot is, indeed, an excellent character, being courageous enough when it comes to resisting aggression, but not addicted to aggressive manoeuvres for his own part.

This brings us to the root of the whole matter of congregations of birds. A bird must possess some instinct for society to be sociable at all, and it is probably always present in most species in a greater or less degree, being temporarily overpowered in the breeding season by sexual jealousy and territorial pride. Thus we find that the inveterately unsociable species, like the robin and blackbird, are generally non-migratory and particularly localised in their individual haunts. They are successful in the battle of life, and can afford to be churlish even over their winter quarters. But with less-favoured species, when the nesting is over and they must roam far afield for food, there is nothing but the said food to quarrel over, and the small bickerings about this are soon forgotten. I have seen the common Indian babblers in captivity fighting

apparently to the death for a live cockroach and forgetting their animosity a moment after, and no doubt other birds are equally ready to forgive and forget. Moreover, birds do not breed till they are in high condition owing to plenty of food, when, of course, they are apt to be a little "above themselves" and tyrannical, and exclusive in consequence. Thus it is that in aviculture one may find several birds live peaceably in rather close quarters in a cage, and discover when these are allowed a wider range, which, of course, means better condition, that they become murderously quarrelsome. The hunger season is Nature's cage to tame the proud stomachs of her feathered children, and they are humble in their want, for even in the tropics, if there is practically no starvation, there are months when the living is by no means high. This is what makes association possible, with all its advantages of defence; but the disposition of the individual species or natural group must be taken into account, for some will always be free-lances in spite of climate or consequence; the dhyal of India is just as bent on keeping the garden to himself as his near relative the robin in England. The dhyal also, in Burmah at any rate, shows a similar strong tendency to draw near to man. After all, the strain of constant watchfulness is probably too much at times for even the most independent bird, and he is glad to feel the protection of the unfeathered biped presence which he sees inspire all other animals with fear. F. FINN.

OUR BRITISH REPTILES.

"WHY, I didn't know we had any reptiles in this cold country!" I assured my astonished friend that we still had a few real reptiles even in chilly England, though we did not see much of them as a rule. "Oh, I suppose you mean frogs and toads?" he replied. And I had to explain that frogs and toads were only batrachians, like the newts. But when one comes to consider the truly British reptiles, alas! for the enthusiastic student, they are small both in number and in size. We have three snakes, about three lizards, and the slow-worm. Yet the snakes are most interesting species. The adder or viper (*Pelias berus*) is our only poisonous serpent, fortunately, and in certain parts of the land it is fairly common, loving, usually, the dry, warm, sandy places; it may often be seen basking by the roadside, in sunny, hilly spots, and one soon learns to recognise it by the reddish brown colour, usually, of its scales, and the dark, zigzag, diamond markings that run down the creature's back. It is, as a rule, a shy little thing, and not of great size, generally running to about 12 in. to 18 in. The viper is viviparous, that is, it produces its young alive, and the tiny viperlings are active enough as soon as they come into the world, darting about after food.

A great deal might be written about this interesting snake, its forms, its habits, and its poison, but I must turn to the more interesting, harmless grass or ringed snake, our common serpent (*Tropidonotus natrix*). This snake loves the damp, marshy spots, and there it finds its suitable food—frogs and small mammals, minnows, and little fish. Few reptiles are more interesting or make better pets than the ringed snake; it is soon tamed, and is hardy in captivity. Its colour is usually a bright olive green, relieved at the sides by patches and marblings of black; there is generally a bright yellow or orange collar, and this is followed immediately on the neck by a black one. Anyone who has once seen a ringed snake will not readily mistake it for a viper at any time. The ringed snake casts its skin about every two or three



AN ADDER.

months, and the brilliance of the new-looking scales when the old skin is cast is very striking. This snake hardly ever attempts to bite, even when first caught, though, of course, a bite from its tiny teeth could do no harm, since the snake has no poison fangs, as the adder and all poisonous varieties have. In the case of the adder the little fangs may be seen easily by opening the mouth of a dead specimen—or a live one held firmly by the neck—and since the tiny teeth lie flat in the creature's mouth when closed, by inserting a penknife and raising them we can get an idea of the power the animal possesses against its enemies.

But to return to the common snake. It is ovoviviparous; that is, lays a number of eggs, generally in a heap of dead leaves or manure, and leaves them there to hatch. I have said that it feeds on frogs largely, and to watch a small snake taking a large frog, out of all proportion apparently to the feeder's size, is a thing to marvel at. But it must be remembered that a snake's jaws are not hinged as most animals' are, but can be separated very widely; and thus it is that serpents are able to constrict and swallow creatures that one would think impossible for them to get down. Certainly the act of swallowing cannot be a very comfortable one, for it is almost

painful to watch the gradual disappearance of a great morsel that seems to stretch the poor snake's mouth and neck to bursting point. As a pet this snake makes a most intelligent companion, soon gets to know its keeper, and seems happy enough in captivity. It should always be provided with a bath of water in its house, for not only are all snakes splendid swimmers, but the animal in question drinks often, lies in its bath, and will take minnows from the water. All reptiles hibernate at the approach of the cold weather, though in captivity, if their cases are heated through the cold months, they will forego it, and be generally none the worse. As with



THE RINGED SNAKE.

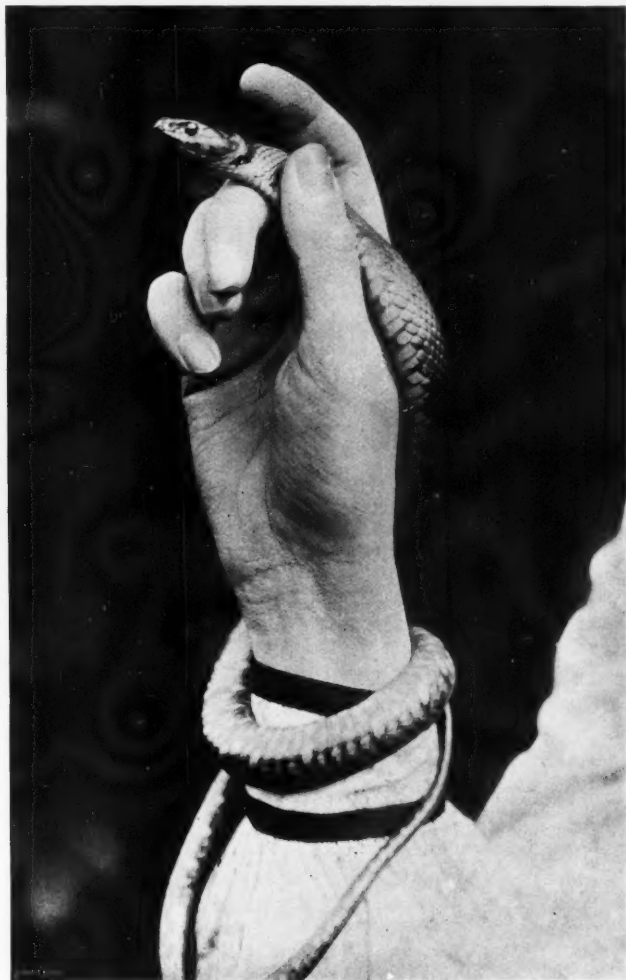


SNAKE READY TO STRIKE.

the adder, much—very much—might be written about the ringed snake. There is another British snake, but it is very rare, the smooth snake (*Coronella leavis*). It is usually a small creature, and below the size of the ringed snake, which often reaches 3ft. and more in length. Of the lizards we have the common lizard (*Lacerta vivipara*), a pretty and very common little creature that may be seen darting about on warm days in sunny, heathy places. It is brownish in colour, with darker and lighter stripes on the back, very active, and produces its young alive. The sand lizard (*Lacerta agilis*) is rarer and larger, about 8in. in length, very active, and sometimes rather a cannibal.

The female lays her eggs in the sand. The colouring of this species is very variable; generally they are brownish, spotted with black and white, while the under-surface is cream, sometimes spotted with black. The wall lizard (*Lacerta muralis*) might also be mentioned; it is much like the common lizard, but has many varieties. The lizards feed on worms and small insects, and it is a comical sight to see two of these little animals seizing a worm and tugging at either end; the poor worm gets the most tremendous shaking. So violent is this assault that sometimes the lizard itself is hardly visible for the vibration to which he subjects the worm and himself. The tortoises

cannot nowadays be reckoned among British reptiles, though not so long ago the fresh-water terrapin (*Emys lutaria*) was undoubtedly a native of our rivers and pools. Then we have no geckos, anoles, chameleons, or skinks in this country, but we may look upon the one remaining reptile perhaps as a kind of skink, a halfway form between the lizard and the snake. Really it is a lizard without legs, though a snake in shape; I refer to the slow-worm, or blind-worm (*Anguis fragilis*). This little creature is very timid, and when anyone attempts to catch it it frequently breaks off its brittle



ROUND A LADY'S WRIST.

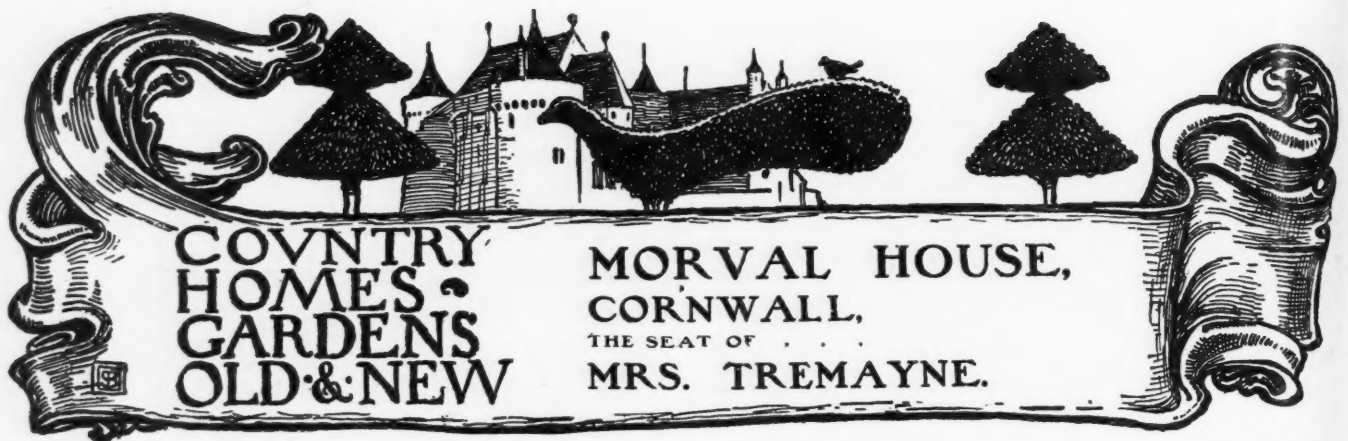
tail and darts away into the herbage, leaving the wriggling member behind it. Many lizards have this peculiarity, the brittle, easily-breaking tail, and many of the species we see in captivity have short, malformed appendages, but the tail gradually grows again, even if it is never quite the same in appearance. The slow-worm may be very often seen gliding in our ditches and among the dry leaves of the woods, its bronzy black polished scales scarcely distinguishing it from the ground on which it moves.

These, then, are our few British reptiles, none of them formidable or very remarkable, but all of them beautiful and very interesting—especially to the naturalist.

FREDERICK GRAVES.



THE COMMON LIZARD.

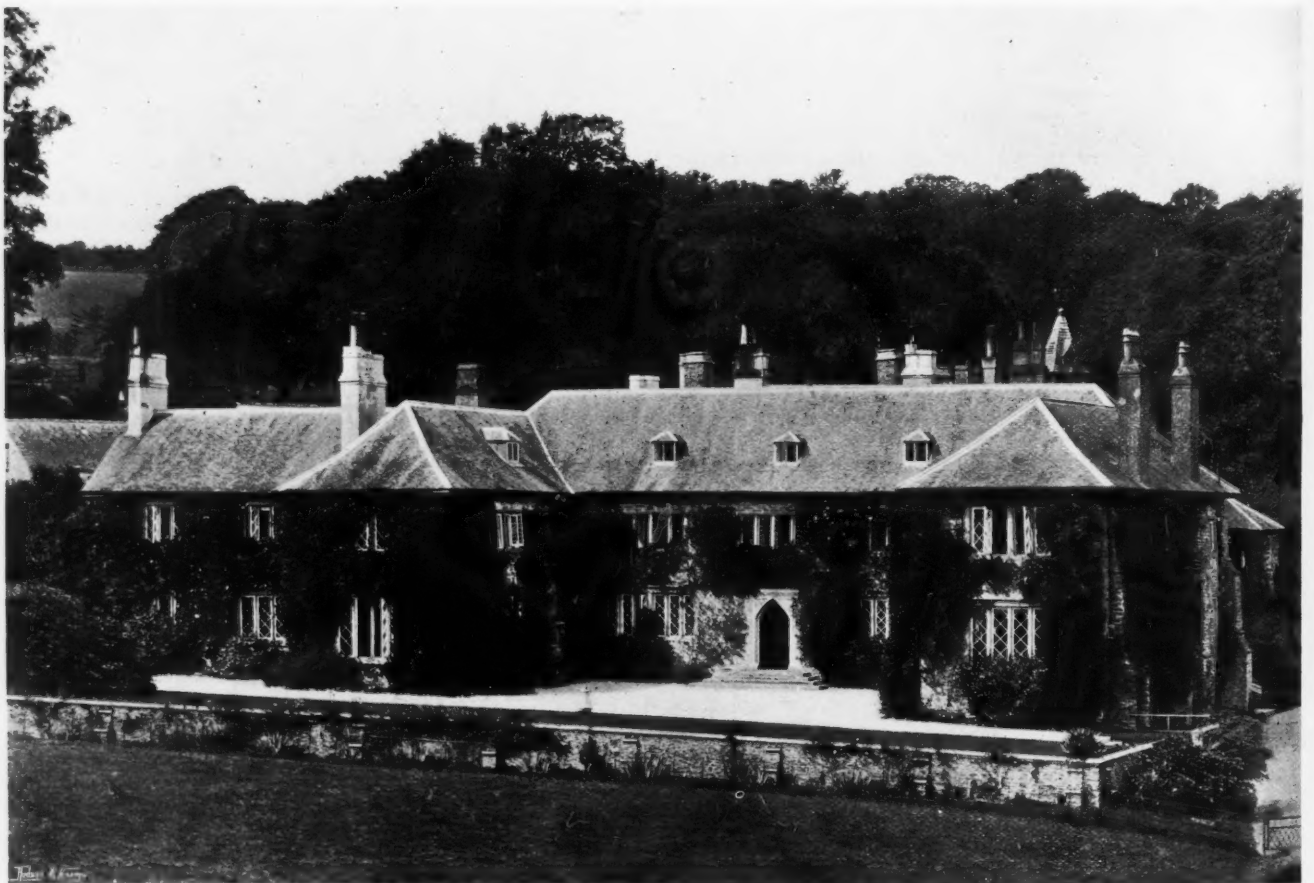


VISITORS to the quaint old fishing town of Looe, sitting, as it were, astride the romantic river of the same name as it approaches the sea, in a romantic recess clothed with hanging gardens, and rich in myrtle, hydrangea, and geranium, sometimes extend their search for the beauties of Cornish river scenery, and thus make acquaintance with the woods, meadows, and gardens of old Morval House, a seat, until recently, of the Bullers, and now of a branch of the ancient Cornish family of Tremayne. They may proceed by boat up the Looe River as far as the lock, following the winding way where the stream is embosomed amid the sylvan hills. About a mile from the lock is an inlet on the left, confined by a kind of causeway, and the water there has the appearance of a lake embowered in woodland, and bordered by the fine demesne. The situation is well chosen for residence, being really enchanting, and one of the gems of that very delightful neighbourhood.

The existing house belongs to the seventeenth century, but it had a predecessor, which was an ancient seat of the Glynnys. There are records of a singular tragedy which shadowed this peaceful place in 1471, and it may be cited here as marking the distinction between the turbulent fifteenth century, with its tale of terrorism and bloodshed, and the peaceful beginning of the twentieth century, in which Morval House and its gardens and grounds present the very ideal of tranquillity. John Glynn, of Morval, was a man of power and influence in the Duchy of Cornwall, who had made a bitter enemy of one Thomas Clemens, whom he had superseded as under-steward to the Duchy. He

was attacked and wounded in the face by Clemens's followers even as he was holding the King's Court at Liskeard, and it would appear that he was likewise seized and held in durance until, under intimidation, he consented to sign an engagement not to prosecute his assailants. At about the same time, or a little later, Clemens's men went to Glynn's house at Morval and plundered it of goods and chattels which his widow estimated at the value of £200 and more. She alleged that they drove off from the pastures 14 oxen, 10 kine, 60 bullocks, 8 horses, 400 sheep, and 10 sows. They carried away feather bedding and pillows, tapestry, cushions, and silver plate, as well as 400 gallons of ale, and all the family papers. Thus, *vi et armis*, did they sweep down upon Morval, and leave the place bare and desolate. Their vengeance was not slaked, for a few months later John Glynn himself was murdered at Higher Wringworthy by one Thomas Flete and others of Clemens's ruffianly hirelings. His widow described the tragedy in a petition to Parliament, in which she alleged that there was no justice in Cornwall, and that she would have the ruffians tried by a Cornish jury in London. She averred of her husband that Flete "then and there, at foure of the clock in the mornynge, him felonly and horribly slew, and muredred, and clove his head in foure parties, and gave hym ten dede woondes in his body; and when he was dede, they kutt off oon of his legges and oone of his armes, and his hede from his body to make him sure." We do not know what happened to the murderers of John Glynn, but if all that is alleged of their barbarity be true, we may trust they got their deserts.

In the time of Henry VIII., Thomasine, daughter and





"COUNTRY LIFE."

THE WEST WING.

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THE HOUSE TERRACE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE TWO WINGS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

heiress of John Glynn of Morval, and widow of one Vyvyan, carried the manor and possessions in marriage to Richard Coode, and, through the marriage of the heiress of the last of the Coodes, they passed in 1637 to John Buller, second son of Francis Buller, M.P., of Shillingham. We may ascribe the pleasing features of the old house partly to this period, though many changes have since passed over it. Its mullioned windows, arched doorways, and good chimneys proclaim its date, and it lies ensconced under the shadow of the wooded hill, with a green slope before it, and a pleasant garden for its accompaniment. The Bullers were in possession of Morval for about 250 years.

They were notable men in the West of England in those times, as they have been ever since. John Buller represented the pocket borough of East Looe under the Protectorate, and married the daughter of Sir Henry Pollexfen, Chief Justice of the Common Pleas. He was succeeded at Morval by his son, John Francis Buller, who became heir to his elder brother in the possession of Shillingham. The next proprietor in the line of descent, James Buller, owned both Morval and Shillingham, and also Downes, near Crediton, where



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TO THE FLOWER GARDENS.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Buller's third sister, Charlotte Mary, who had married in September, 1858, Mr. Henry Hawkins Tremayne, was the heiress of the estate. Her husband, who died in 1894, was the third son of Mr. John Hearle Tremayne of Heligan, Cornwall, and of Sydenham, Devon, both of them notable houses, with fine gardens.

It is with great pleasure that we illustrate the very beautiful and characteristic old English dwelling-place in which Mrs. Tremayne resides. Morval House has modest attractions of its own. It presents a contrast to many places of greater stateliness and perhaps of larger pretensions, but it excels most of them in its charm of domestic quiet and rural tranquillity. The judicious hands of its former possessors, besides endowing it with architectural graces of quaint simplicity, added to it the attraction of rich foliage by wise planting. The trees upon the hillside are, indeed, of magnificent proportions, and their dark masses, forming the background, are contrasted with the emerald green of the lower slopes of the park, both making a right framework for the beautiful old mansion.

The gardens are simple and graceful, like the house. The structure itself is clothed with greenery, and roses and other



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VIEW FROM THE LAKE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Sir Redvers Buller now has his seat. Downes had come into the possession of the family through the marriage of James Buller with the heiress of William Gould of that place. Their son John succeeded to Morval, and successively represented Exeter, Launceston, and West Looe in Parliament. His brother was Sir Francis Buller, an eminent lawyer, who became a Puisne Judge of the King's Bench at the age of thirty-two in 1778, and is said to have been the youngest man ever raised to the Bench. He was famous for his great love of cards, and was seized with his fatal illness while playing a game of picquet. He declared that his idea of heaven was to sit at Nisi Prius all day and play whist all night. The judge's brother, John, was succeeded at Morval by another John Buller, who was High Sheriff of the county in 1835, and represented West Looe in Parliament. The latter's son, John Francis Buller, was also High Sheriff in 1853, and a very popular country gentleman and county magistrate, who died childless in 1890.

With Mr. Buller's death the Cornish estate in that beautiful country by the river Looe passed from the family that had held it so long; but it went to a representative of an ancient Cornish house, and is still cherished and maintained as ever in its best days.



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IN THE PARK.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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THE OLD CHURCH.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

climbing plants, such as flourish amazingly in that genial climate, rise to the eaves. A space of turf in front of the house, making a level lawn, is bordered by radiant flower-beds, and enclosed by a low buttressed wall. Rhododendrons and azaleas flourish greatly, and there are banks of ornamental trees, including a fine and symmetrical monkey tree (*Araucaria imbricata*). One of our pictures illustrates the stairway to the terraced walk along this front of the house, and shows how rich is the character of the gardenage. That "horologe of the first world," that garden monitor, the sundial, is not wanting, and lends its quaint additional charm. The house being upon the slope, there are other stairways and paths leading to the garden on the hill, which is a realm of floral beauty and fragrance. Our pictures, however, describe the charms of these gardens better than any description can, and we shall leave them to tell the tale.

Opposite to the house is the ancient church, making a beautiful feature in the cultivated landscape, its grey embattled and pinnaced tower rising amid the trees. It was but a short way from the house where the squire had lived to the place where his bones should be laid, and among the memorials in this church dedicated



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A SLOPING LAWN.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

associated with the late Mr. Frank Buckland as one of Her Majesty's Inspectors of Salmon Fisheries for England and Scotland. Possibly it is a theory that may have long been held by many who have not been at the pains of making it public, but to me at least it appears well worth giving it publicity.

The common opinion with regard to our salmon (and when I speak of salmon I would be understood to mean all our salmonidæ that go down to the sea and return to fresh water to spawn) is, I think, that once they have reached the sea we have no basis on which to form even a conjecture of the course they take after gaining salt water. The idea has been hazarded that the salmon from certain rivers attach themselves to certain shoals of herrings that pass their nomadic existence within more or less easy reach of the estuaries of those rivers, and that the movements of a certain shoal of herrings will thus control the movements of a certain number of salmon; other shoals will control the wanderings of other salmon. All this appears to be the purest conjecture, and not to possess even the minimum value that ought to belong to a working hypothesis. It explains hardly any of the known facts; and I believe that the hypothesis I am



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THE GARDEN ON THE HILL.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



WASHING DAY IN THE ALPS.

J. Shaw.

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about to mention is capable of explaining many more, in which case the former conjecture will have to be abandoned, if ever it was seriously maintained. Before proceeding to state the hypothesis, let us see what it is that we do know, with tolerable precision, about the movements of the anadromous (the migratory) salmonidae.

We know that the ova are laid high up the small rivers and streamlets, in the spawning beds, that the fry are hatched out there, and after passing their infancy begin to drop down the rivers, down and down until they reach the sea, from which, after a while, they, or some of them, return in due season to the upper spawning grounds, and the stock is thus renewed. This account, so far, I believe to be not only presently, but also historically, correct; by which I mean that it is not only an account of what goes on to-day, but that it is right chronologically; that the salmon began by being a fresh-water fish purely, as is shown by his return to fresh water as his natal place, and that he took to going to salt water at some comparatively late period in his history. In Sweden there is a lake where the



HAPPY DAYS.

salmon live quite comfortably, though it is without any present outlet to the sea, a rise of land having cut off their original means of exit and entry; and we know by experiment that sea-trout, usually anadromous, can be kept in health and replenish their stock in land-locked waters.

Now if we can cast our eye backward, with historical imagination, to a remote period of the salmon's existence in this island—say, if we like, shortly after the glacial epoch: it really does not matter—we shall then perceive our salmon, after breeding in the spawning grounds up the little rivers, dropping down slowly and gradually into bigger water. It hardly needs the argument from the analogy of what they are doing now to show that they did this then. It is necessary almost that they should have done so, as they grew bigger and required more food, and found that the small streams were inadequate to furnish it to them in sufficing quantities. Naturally they would go down into bigger and bigger water in search of wider feeding grounds. Is it not ever thus, that migration is governed by the food supply?

So far, nothing at all new or doubtful has been suggested. But if you take the trouble to look at a map of the land and sea contours, as we have abundant evidence from geological strata and drifted deposits to show that they were arranged at the remote period which we are considering, you will see that the division of sea between Great Britain and the continent of Europe was very much less than it is now. How wide you will find the division depends at what period you choose to take the map. Professor Boyd Dawkins's work "Early Man in Britain" will show it to you in various stages, from the time when the only representative of the southern tract of our present North Sea was the mere river flowing out from the present estuary of the Rhine into the North Sea; and now it begins to appear that our salmon (seeing that there is no reason to suppose their spawning beds any nearer to the sea than they are now) would have had to drop down and down a great deal farther, very many miles farther, than they have to drop now before finding themselves in the sea.

Where a fish of to-day dropping down to the East Coast finds himself in salt water, his remote ancestor found himself not within a hundred miles, perhaps, of the sea. Or, to put it the reverse way, the salmon of to-day meets the sea a great deal sooner than the salmon of yesterday.

And now, in order to lay the basis for the statement of this theory that I have been so daring as to call new, I would ask attention for a moment to the migration of birds. We know (or if that is too strong a form of statement, let us say that it is generally accepted by naturalists) that the birds which we find migrating to-day across great tracts of sea are guided in their course by an instinct inherited from ancestors who used to travel on those lines before the sea had covered the land along the line of flight. They go in the paths used by their ancestors of a remote past. This is a theory generally received.

Is it not reasonable, in forming a hypothesis about the migration of salmon, to argue analogically from the migration of birds? If birds follow the paths of their remote ancestors, when there seems no present motive why they should prefer these to others, why should we not conjecture that salmon may do the same? What such a conjecture implies we may now clearly see, from the known facts as to the movements of the fish, and from the known facts as to the changes of the land and sea contours. Accepting the hypothesis based on the analogy of the migratory paths taken by the birds, we should infer that the salmon of to-day, when he reaches the salt water and the sea, does not (as, in the absence of this hypothesis we have been accustomed to suppose) swim here and there "at large" in the ocean, attracted by all that appeals to his wayward fancy; on the contrary, he follows through the sea the old paths taken by his ancestors, and by them taken perforce, because at that date those paths were definitely marked out for them by the two banks of the river—at that date they were not sea paths, but river paths.

That is a hypothesis that does not seem at all an unreasonable one on its first statement. It commends itself by a certain plausibility. But when we come to apply to it the test that is usually considered to search the truth or the untruth (so far as these are to be predicated of any proposition that remains in the hypothetical stage) of such a hypothesis—namely, its capacity for explaining the known facts—then we must find, I think, that its probability is very greatly enhanced indeed. One of the facts that strikes us as most obviously remarkable in regard to the anadromous fishes is their faculty of finding their way back to their natal streams. Probably, although the estimates of different observers would be different, owing to the meagre statistics available, more than 90 per cent. of the small proportion that return to fresh water at all, return to their natal rivers. Occasionally a marked wanderer is found in some river far from that in which he was caught and the mark placed on him; but such cases are most exceptional, and probably we may attribute them to some accident that has driven the fish so far from its course that its instinct no longer serves it, just as we find birds occasionally far from their usual route of migration. On the supposition that the fish, immediately on reaching the sea, became as it were lost in the vast space, a wanderer without signal-posts, only going whither the search for food led him, it was difficult indeed to conceive by what mysterious gift or chance he was enabled to return to the river whence he had come; but on the supposition that he holds to the ancient ways of his ancestors, guided along them, as the birds are guided, the facts seem no less wonderful indeed, but they cease to bear the appearance of being due to fortuitous or supernatural agency. The whole conception begins to hang together much better.

Again, it has been a fact noted with great and natural surprise, that salmon run so much larger, on the average, in some rivers than in others. Where we find this to be the case with trout, brown trout, we have no difficulty or hesitation in assigning the reason—the bigger trout are in a river where the feeding is more plentiful and better than in the other. Size in fish depends vastly on feeding, as is well established. But hitherto it has been difficult to assign this simple cause for the difference in the size and also in the quality of the salmon that are the rule in different rivers. Ail alike went out into the sea, where all had the like opportunities, yet there it was that the difference in size was made—for after the smolt stage they virtually do no feeding in the fresh water, and it is not till after that stage that the great

differences in size begin to be evident. On the hypothesis of which I have been speaking, this difficulty disappears. It would be unreasonable not to suppose that there are differences in the character of the feed, both in quantity and quality, in different parts of the sea; and the difference in the typical size and condition of fish in different rivers might very naturally be determined by the nature of the feeding ground to which they were led by following these paths through what now is sea, but which were the river paths of their ancestors. Presuming this hypothesis to be correct, it would be very remarkable if there were not just such differences in the normal size and quality of fish in different rivers as we actually find to exist.

And, yet again, there is another fact of some difficulty under the old conception of salmon wandering "at large" through the sea, that becomes fairly easy of comprehension if this hypothesis be accepted, and that is the fact that in certain rivers fish will take one kind and one size of fly, or of natural or artificial bait, and that in another river fish of very much the same size will take quite a different fly or lure at the same season of the year.

I set out with the affirmation that this hypothesis, suggested to me by Sir Spencer Walpole, with regard to the migration of

salmon, would prove to be in conformity with the facts so far as known, and also would explain them better than any alternative hypothesis—if indeed there is any alternative except the almost negative one of an aimless wandering of salmon in the sea. In the way of acceptance of that alternative, such as it is, there are great difficulties, such as the return of salmon to their natal rivers, the different size of salmon in different rivers, the different lures they take, and so on, all of which are readily to be explained on the hypothesis for which I have been arguing. I hope that I have also been able to show that the hypothesis can find certain striking analogies, and cases of correspondence, in the migration not only of other fish, but of other kinds of animals also, all of which strongly support the theory here hypothetically advanced. I would submit that these, taken together in their cumulative value, furnish a body of evidence which is almost as weighty as we ever can expect to adduce in support of any theory concerned with a branch of natural history to which, by the very nature of the case, it is not possible that the tests of actual experiment and observation can as yet be applied.

[We propose to publish the views of one or two well-known experts on this interesting theory.—ED.]

AN OLDER COVENANT.

By EVELYNE E. RYND.

"Now there are yet more ancient Covenants . . ."
JEAN LE BEAU sat at last under the three spires which had cleit the flat horizons of his road half the day. His seat was the edge of the grassy mound out of which the plane tree grows in the middle of the old courtyard at the back of the cathedral. He was working his way through Normandy in the swiftly shortening days, and he had reached Bayeux at noon—tramping up from grey-roofed, many-towered Caen, by byways through the apple orchards, by the silent lanes of Calvados, by hidden, half-untrodden tracks, whereon churches fit for a king's worship lay lost among the trees, and where the magpies' startling chequers flashed up on either hand from gold-bordered, dew-drenched fields.

As he sat below the great plane tree he whistled a tune, and it was thus that he met Marguerite of Provence. An eager voice broke in upon him. "Pardon, Monsieur—what does Monsieur whistle?"

"A tune of old Provence," said Jean le Beau.

"Ah! is Monsieur from Provence?"

"Ah! is Mademoiselle?" returned Jean le Beau, smiling.

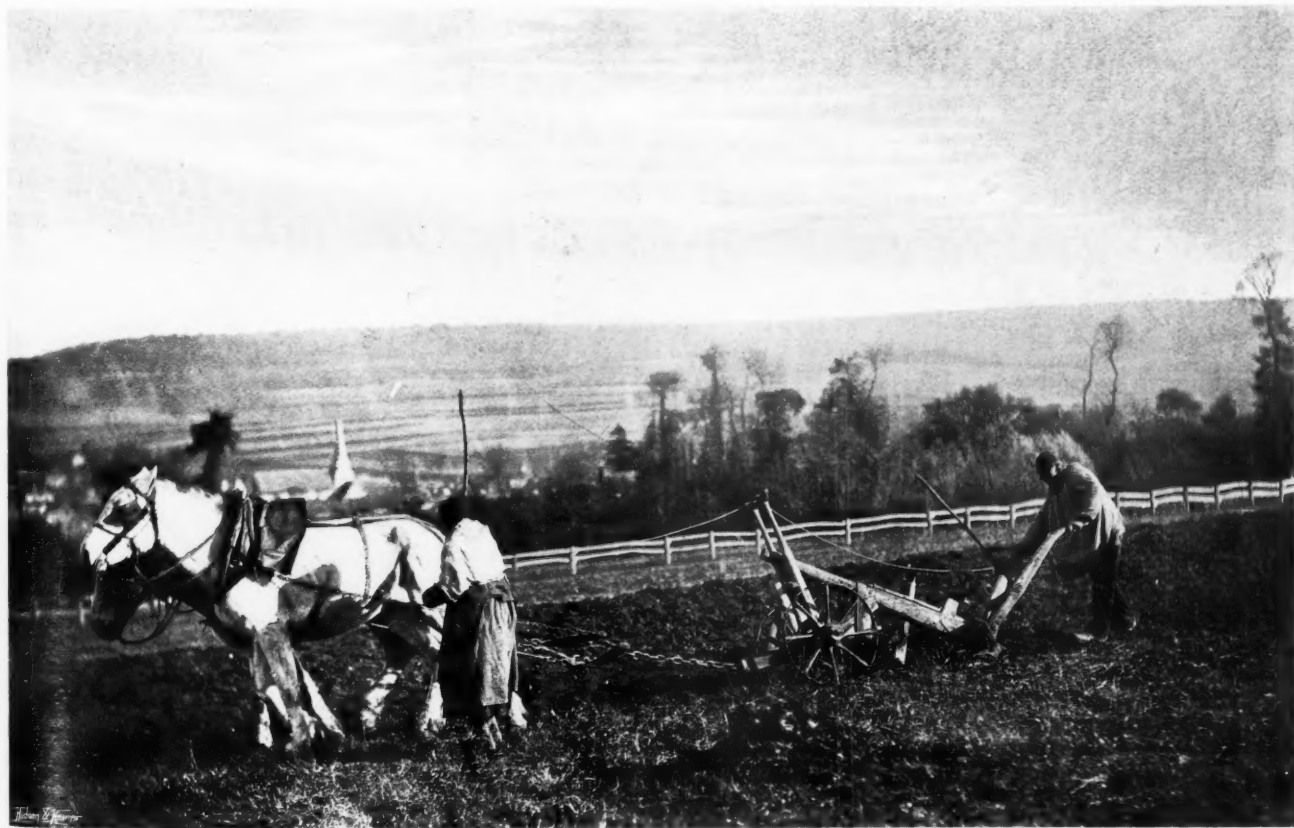
"I am Madame, not Mademoiselle," said the girl, with a

soft laugh. "I am from Provence—ah! from Provence." She sighed and clasped her hands. "But I live with my husband in Arromanches, near Bayeux. What, if one may ask, does Monsieur do here in cold, flat Normandy, when he might still be in la belle Provence?"

Monsieur explained that he was working his way up to Cherbourg, whence he was to emigrate to America, a place which offered a man with capital even more chances of happiness than la belle Provence. He looked at the eager, dark eyes, the flushed cheeks, the trembling smile, the little foot round which the yellow plane leaves eddied in the wind. His own face was one that had smoothed his wanderings for him over half a continent.

"And since one place is as good as another, and may even be better," said Jean le Beau, "does Madame not think there might perhaps be work to be found in Arromanches?" In the silent old Norman courtyard, grey and windy and prison-shadowed, the two Provençals looked at each other.

"There is work to be found everywhere in Normandy just now," said the girl, "with all the orchards to be picked, and the cider to be made." The interest and eagerness died from her face; it settled into sullen, sad lines, that were clearly



M. Emil Frechon.

OLD PEOPLE, OLD HORSES, OLD PLOUGH.

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habitual. "Too much work, some of us might think," she added, with a faint, reluctant smile.

"Vois tu!" said la Mère Grêtin, reproachfully, to the world in general, from her post of observation behind the counter of the little cider-shop above the plage, past which the tides ran singing down towards Asnelles. "Vois tu! When the yoke is pulled two ways, the harrow goes but slowly."

She expressed in these words the feeling of all Arromanches, and more particularly that part of Arromanches which was then drinking cider in her shop. For whenever Arromanches happened to glance over the hedges of the fields belonging to the Tostaints, it shook a solemn head; and Monsieur Tostaint himself, weary-faced and anxious-eyed, had just been in for his evening glass, and had reported but depressingly on the condition of his agricultural interests.

"True," said the old man, gloomily. "An unwilling wife makes a hard life."

"When she smiles she is as pretty as a picture," said a younger member of the male community reflectively over his glass.

"As she never smiles, that is of small avail," said la Mère Grêtin, with asperity; "and it is of that I complain. She is sullen."

Jean le Beau heard the story of the ill-matched Tostaints in due course of time, with all the rest of the gossip of Arromanches, what time his handsome face had become familiar in the cider-shop above the plage. His welcome there was not the less assured because of that comfortable little sum in the bank, which, it soon became known, he was saving towards his start in America, and which, like a thrifty Frenchman, he would not touch while he could pay his way by working.

"C'est un bien bon garçon," said la Mère Grêtin, approvingly.

"Moreover, his face is handsome enough to make one forgive him if he were not." And she told him all the gossip of Arromanches over many an extra glass of the liqueurs she kept for her favourites only.

"So Madame Tostaint never smiles." Jean le Beau repeated the words without a twinkle in his own dark eyes. "Tiens! that is sad."

"It is not so much sad as wicked," said la Mère Grêtin. "She is of a sullen nature, la petite—I should add that she is nearly as tall as you, Jean le Beau, but she is called la petite to distinguish her from la Mère Tostaint. The old

belle-mère is a scold, and jealous, and close-fisted, and la petite can never do right in her eyes, that is true. It is true also that it may be a little trying to have to dwell always with your husband's parents when both happen to be bad-tempered. But what would you have? A young wife must accept the circumstances of her husband, and it is well known that Marguerite Tostaint brought not a sou to the home or to him—nothing but her delicate upbringing and her superior education, and of what use are those in Normandy? He is a worthy man; and it is a pious duty—if tiresome at times—to support one's parents. It is not as if the old folks did not work. They save him much expense. But la petite Tostaint will not submit—'My home is

not my own,' says she, weeping. 'It must, nevertheless, be the home of my parents while they live,' says Monsieur Tostaint, with firmness—monsieur being a man of character, voyez-vous! 'Ah, for Provence,' sighs she. 'Thou art now in Normandy,' says he, 'and it would be becoming in thee to remember it.' Eh, but for all you come thence yourself, Jean le Beau, they do not bring up young girls well down there in your Provence."

"I will not contradict Madame," said Jean le Beau.

"Perhaps it is the fault of you and the like of you that they are not more amenable and submissive," said la Mère Grêtin, with a shrewd glance.

"There again I will not contradict Madame," said Jean le Beau.

A tall white crucifix stands upon the eastern cliff of Arromanches, high above the village, as upon a natural altar. There are many such all over France, appealing for ever between earth and heaven, imploring arms stretched out, despairing face turned upward—strange representations, to unaccustomed eyes, to be the chosen public symbols of a faith that teaches triumph.

A bitter wind was blowing round the crucifix of Arromanches when Jean le Beau went up to it, late and alone, one night near Christmas Day. Out of the darkness beside him there came the cry of the sea; out of the darkness above him there fell, as the clouds blew away, the cold clear light of the moon. When he reached the cross he took no heed of the figure hanging on it. He did not even give it the usual perfunctory salute of a Catholic; his eyes were on a darker figure that stirred at its foot.

"Thou art here then," he said. He moved near and stood looking down. "And I did not know whether to hope or fear to find thee. It is too cold for thee, petite."



M. Emil Frechon.

AT THE CALVARY.

Copyright



M. Emil Frechon.

THE YOKE OF LABOUR.

Copyright

"It is not colder here than by my own fireside," said the girl, without moving. She was sitting on the step of the cross with her back to it, her elbows on her knees, her chin on her palms.

"And I am then also to be chilled," said Jean le Beau with a half-laugh. "Thou wilt be cold to me because those others down there are cold to thee?"

"I would not be cold to thee," she said, looking up at him with an odd mixture of recklessness and gratitude. "Thou who art so good to me, and my own countryman to boot."

Jean sat down beside her.

"It is a strange place to come to, this, though," he said. "Why dost thou choose it? Dost thou pray here before I arrive?"

"Things should look clearer from the foot of the cross, they say." She returned to her watch of the twinkling lights below her, and of the light of her own hearth among them, with a suddenly brooding face and roused sad eyes. "Moreover, he knows it is here I come for peace and solitude when la belle mère grows unbearable; and so he thinks there can be no harm."

Jean le Beau laughed, but Marguerite did not. A darker shadow crossed her face, as though she did not altogether like the thought she understood. "Tiens," he said, "we are not the first. And do things look clearer when thou art here?"

"How should they, when I find thee here also?"

"I make them less clear, Marguerite?"

She was silent a moment before she said, with a trembling voice, "Thou dost not make them clearer."

"I can make them clear, though," said Jean, in low tones; "I can make them so clear that thou shalt see thy way through them as though the sun itself shone on them. Listen. It is more than two months since I saw thee in the old courtyard in Bayeux, and in those two months we have become friends. Friends, do I say? Well, for the moment let it stand at that; but in a little while I must be moving on. What then?"

She had nothing to answer him; she had covered her face.

"I am of thine own people, which these peasants are not. In America, where I go, and where my money knows its opening, the sun shines and the world moves, and life is sweet. What will life become to thee if I leave thee here—what is life here now?"

"Who taught thee how to tempt?" she said. She let her hands fall, and looked at him. "Who taught thee what to say to a comfortless heart?" He did not reply, but he held her eyes with his, and she caught her breath.

"I am not the first, and neither shall I be the last. That I know. Thou canst make the way to thee clear enough, Jean le Beau—too clear—so clear that I know thou hast made it easy to many another. And what of the way beyond? But it is also the way out for me; and I cannot stay, I cannot stay!"

"There shall be no way beyond me for thee, Marguerite," said Jean; but she did not seem to hear him.

"If I am breaking faith, he has never kept it," she cried, passionately. "He married me for pity; and now he shows me none. He thinks of nothing but the farm, and the mortgage; and when la belle mère says, 'Ah, hadst thou but married a girl with a dot,' he does not rebuke her. Oh, this life is hard, hard, hard! Cold and lonely, in dreary, sunless Normandy—cold and lonely, with a people so different to my own. All I do is wrong. I do not understand their ways. I cannot work as they do. I have never had to work as I must here. They should have given me time to learn—they should, they should—for I would have learned. I desired to learn. I, whom he took without a sou when my parents died, as all remind me at every turn, that I might have a roof and food and protection. He was good to do it—I would work to repay him for my home. Alas! what do I say? I have no home. I am a stranger in a strange land." Her head dropped; the rising passion in her voice broke on a bitter sob.

"Then come to a land that is more strange still, where thou shalt nevertheless feel thyself no stranger, Marguerite," whispered Jean. His cheek was against her hair.

"Wilt thou dare take one so worthless?" she said, looking up at him between tears and laughter. "Idle, awkward, useless—it must be true since la belle mère says it so often. Nay, it is true. What has come over me I do not know. I am always tired, and every time I come up here the way grows harder and heavier. I grow ill because I am unhappy, perhaps—ah, Jean!"

"Thou wilt come with me when I go, Marguerite."

"I do not know yet; I cannot—I do not—give me a little more time."

"It must be yea or nay before very long. I cannot stay on here for ever. Besides, how long dost thou think to hold me off? Am I made of stone? I want thee, I want thee."

"It is just because thou dost want me—for is there one to want me here?" she said, incoherently. "If there were but one—No, do not kiss me. Thou shalt kiss me after—if I come."

"Thou wilt be here to-morrow to give me my answer?"

"La belle mère goes to Bayeux to-morrow. I must remain at home."

"Then the day after?"

"The day after."

"For the last time," said Jean le Beau, under his breath.

When Jean le Beau thus went up to the crucifix above Arramanches for the last time there was no moon, and the sea was a far-away whisper from creeping edges across the sands. When he made out the figure at the foot of the cross he smiled. "So thou dost pray before I come, Marguerite," he said, in half-mocking, half-tender tones above her. La petite Tostaint started; then she held the closer to the support round which she had twisted her arms. Her back was turned to the twinkling lights of the village, her face towards the cross.

"Pray to something warmer, love of my heart," he whispered, stooping; "something more sure to answer than the cold Christ hanging there. Besides, what hast thou to ask for that I cannot give thee?"

"I am not asking for anything. I give thanks for something already given. I have something to tell thee."

He drew her away from the cross. "There is nothing to tell thou canst not tell better here," he said, holding her in strong arms.

"There is, there is!" she cried. She broke from him, and stood facing him, her breath coming fast, her hands pressed against her breast. "Oh, Jean le Beau, when thou leavest Arramanches, it must be alone."

"What!" he said.

"I did not know—how could I know? I have no mother," she half sobbed. Tears were in her voice, and something more than tears. He could not see her face, but from her tone he guessed its storm and radiance. "I did not know," she repeated imploringly.

He stared at her in bewilderment. "What did you not know?" he said.

"Ah, poor Jean! But I cannot help myself. I said to the bon Dieu, 'if there were one to love me, I would stay'—and—there will be one, it seems."

Light suddenly dawned on Jean le Beau. He started violently, and swore a mighty oath. "Is that it?" he cried, and when no answer came from la petite Tostaint, he swore again. There was a moment's silence, then he pulled himself together, still staring at her.

"I am a man of my word," he said slowly.

"Yes, I am a man of my word," he repeated loudly, as though he addressed himself. "I will stand by it." Still she neither spoke nor lifted her hidden face.

"Dost thou hear? I will stand by it. Nothing could well be worse—bah, what a complication. But it cannot be helped. I stand by my word. There shall be enough for all. Thou shalt come with me still." The look that her news had startled from them came into his eyes again. He gazed at her and moved nearer.

She said, "Jean le Beau, thou art generous, more generous than I had thought. But thou dost not need to stand by thy word. Thou dost not yet understand."

"I understand well enough—too well. But I will stand by my word."

"Thou canst not understand. No man could, and thou art but a man. But I must make thee understand one thing at least. I cannot come with thee."

"Such folly as that," said Jean le Beau fiercely, "I will never understand, so save thy breath."

"Nay, but thou wilt," she said brokenly.

"I will not." He caught at her wrists with angry eyes. "If I stand by my word, what hast thou further to say? Come."

"I cannot," she cried, and, hiding her face again, burst into tears.

Jean le Beau stood furious, bewildered, uncertain. This was not what he had expected, swinging up the cliffside to her in the darkness; it was still less what he wanted.

"Thou dost not love me then; thou hast never loved me."

How could she shame love by saying that she had loved him? Love is not taking what one wants. It is giving what is asked.

"Poor Jean, poor Jean," she cried with fresh tears. "But I did not know." His face changed.

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"I can even want to stay," she said, and once more her breaking sob was half a shy and tender laugh.

"With peasants who despise and neglect thee," he said incredulously.

"Yes—but there may be one who will do neither." Even he could not mistake the tone of that unwavering voice. His eyes darkened again. He caught her by the arms and pulled her round to face him, with an oath.

"Thou hast played with me long enough. Now make an end of it. Thou art coming with me, dost thou hear? Thou hast passed thy word to me."

There was no language common to him and her in which she could even try to explain to him all that surged in her awakened heart—all it meant—all she saw. She looked up at

him, her eyes intent and despairing; twice she opened her lips to speak, twice closed them. "I did not know—my word was passed already," she got out with a sob.

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"If I go," he said breathlessly, "I will never come again. It is for all thy life. Think twice."

She wept on, and would not answer.

"All thy life," he repeated, and in spite of himself his passionate taunting voice trembled, "all thy life bearing children in this miserable village to a man who does not know how to love thee; all thy life, till thou art old thyself, under the rule of thy husband's mother—wilt thou really go back to the *belle mère*, Marguerite?"

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"Ah, Jean le Beau, one may bear with the old generation when the new is in one's arms."

He flung her hands from him, and fell a few steps back. His face was black, his teeth set.

"Good," he said. "Since thou hast answers to all I ask, I will ask thee but one more question, and that for the last time—before I go. Art thou coming with me, Marguerite?"

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"I am not coming," she said below her breath.

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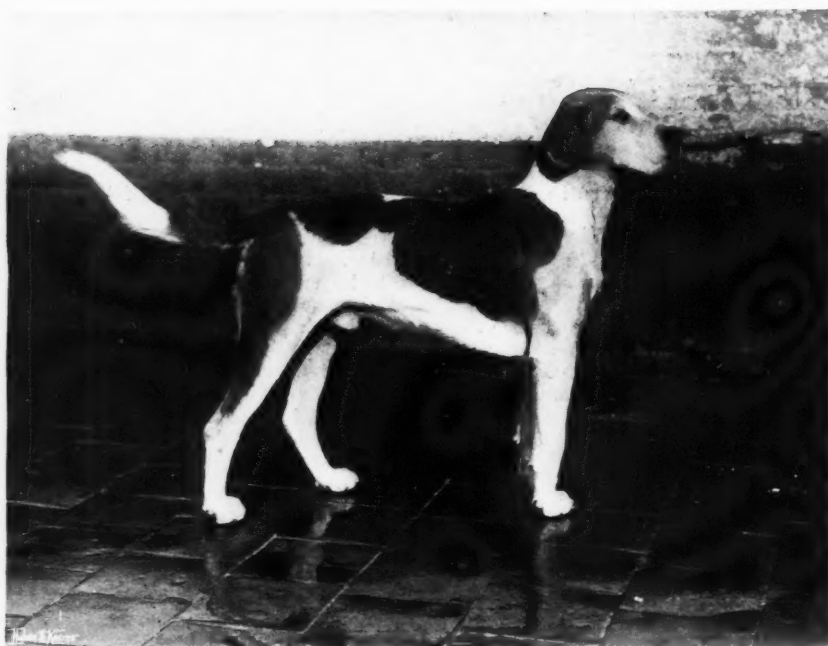
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WOODMAN.

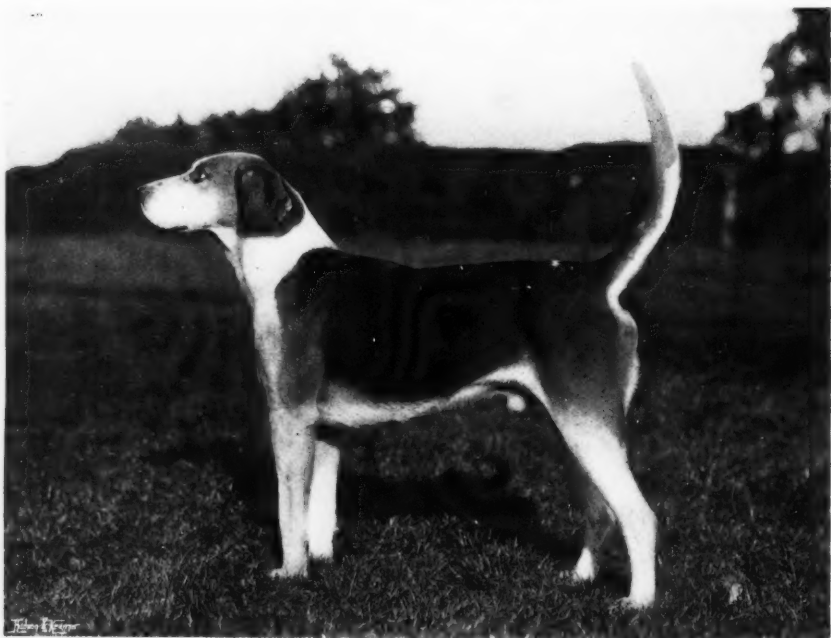
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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VANDYKE AND HAVOC.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright

RUTLAND.

"COUNTRY LIFE."

Mr. Tom Smith was, however, perhaps the most successful huntsman the Craven had in old times. Ninety foxes in ninety-one days is still a record. But Mr. Smith's style was peculiar. He had an intuition of the run of his foxes which has, perhaps, only been equalled in modern times by Mr. Facey Romford. As soon as the fox was away, Mr. Smith came out of covert with the leading hounds. His main principle was never to lose any time. This was, undoubtedly, sound in a country where scent fades quickly. If hounds were at fault, he lifted or cast them, and as his quick eye had seen, or his rapid mind divined, the run of his fox, he seldom made a mistake. Some people, indeed, including Nimrod, thought he left too little to the pack. Yet however much men may have differed as to the handling of hounds, there has always been an agreement that the worst kind of huntsman for the Craven is a hesitating and undecided one, and that the country requires as good a pack of hounds as can be bred. They must be fast, or they will never burst their foxes over the downs; they must have the best of shoulders and perfect feet, or they will go to pieces in the forest or on the flints; they must have nose, or they will never puzzle out a fading line over the ploughs. In addition they must have condition, or, after a bursting gallop, they will be easily beaten by a stout fox if a bit of the cold-scenting soil common to these parts intervenes in their course.

The present pack is comparatively a modern one, for in 1871 the whole pack was bought by Mr. Coupland for the Quorn. Their descendants are in the Quorn kennels to-day. But the Masters of the Craven have always taken an interest in hound-breeding, with the result that the Craven has the name of a pack excellent in work and good in appearance. Colonel Ricardo, Mr. E. R. Portal, and Mr. Dunn, all in turn have worked hard to have a pack of hounds worthy of the historic repute of the country. It was in the Mastership of the first-named that Vagabond and Valesman, by Warwickshire Harper, were bred. There never was a handsomer hound than Vagabond, and he won at Peterborough in 1895 and 1896; but I do not know that in Rutland, mentioned below, they have not a better type of hound.

The first of the illustrations shows the kennel, with the pack, the huntsman, and the two whippers-in grouped in front of it. The picture of the pack is very characteristic, and gives well the look of stoutness and quality that marks the Craven pack. In a country which is difficult to hunt, stoutness is a great point, for it needs courage and stamina for a hound to put his nose down and work hard at the end of a tiring day. To turn now to the individual hounds, everyone will agree with me that Rutland is a foxhound of which any pack might be proud. In his photograph he must remind anyone of Belvoir Gambler. This hound has beautiful shoulders, a well-placed neck, and without being too throaty has just a suggestion of it sufficient to assure one of the excellence of his nose. Another point that may be noted is that while he has length enough to suggest pace, yet there is plenty of substance and power. This, with good bone, makes up a model foxhound, such as any Master might be proud of. Another very beautiful hound is Woodman. No hound could look more like finding and catching a fox. Everyone will notice his feet, which are perfect, and the wonderful depth through the heart, which ought to enable him to draw at the end of a long day, and then trot home with his stern up. Another useful couple are Vandyke and Havoc, very sturdy, useful-looking hounds, and alike in colour, shape, and expression.

Then we come to the bitches: three are grouped together—Vanish, Harmony, and Careful—and the position of the last-named in the picture enables us to take her as a typical member of the lady pack. She shows at once all the points of the modern foxhound: Speed by her length and liberty, staying power by the

depth through the heart, and good shoulders and straight legs. Lastly, we have an excellent portrait of George Roake, the huntsman, mounted on a most excellent type of hunter for the country. The sensible head, good substance, and the touch of quality that promises speed, show that the Craven huntsman has excellent material to work with in the stable as well as the kennel. It is not an easy task to be huntsman in a country like the Craven; he needs patience, temper, an intuitive knowledge of the run of his fox, and promptness without hurry in making his casts. The present huntsman has shown sport to his followers, and he has, at least, the advantage that the Craven are not troubled with crowds. The men who follow the hounds are sportsmen by predilection, and know too much to interfere with their own sport by pressing the pack, or by untimely holloas. Thus the huntsman has only his pack and his fox to think of.

The Craven have had a useful cub-hunting season, and they are assured of a fine stock of foxes. Perhaps the followers would complain that they were somewhat hampered by over-eagerness in some to preserve pheasants, but in this matter they are certainly no worse off than other packs hunting where shooting interests are strong, and we all recognise the duty of considering the sport of others. No doubt hunting does little real harm to covert-shooting, but it does some, and it has the credit of doing even more. In life we shall find a deference for other people's prejudices even more useful in smoothing our path than respect for their opinions.

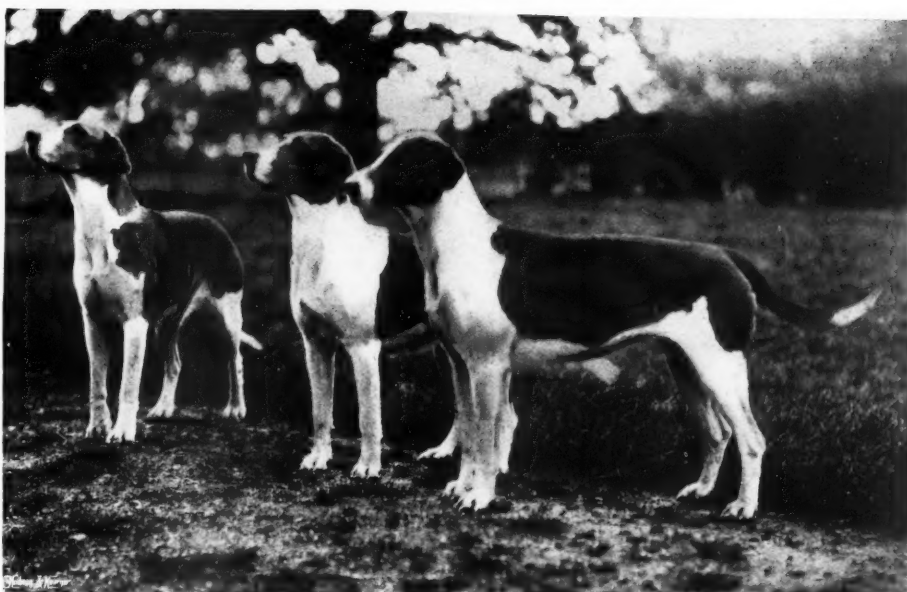
ON THE GREEN.

LAST week there have been accounts in the daily papers of competitions at Blackheath which make one wonder at and admire the gallant courage of the Blackheath Club. So many years ago we heard it said that "golf

soon would be impossible at Blackheath," and so on. But the event has not justified these croakings. This oldest of all non-Scottish courses is a very good test of golf. There are reasons, apart from the sentimental ones, that would make us much regret the dissolution which some years ago was prophesied for it by those that did not know. Of course, the actual soil of the common is secure; nothing but an Act of Parliament, which never will be passed, could put the building fiend into possession. But it is intersected with roads, which form the most frequent and distressing hazards; and it seemed, years ago, that if the public continued to increase and multiply on those roads at the same rate as in other suburban places, the nursemaid and the perambulator would become ubiquitous, and the golfer would be driven from a soil that has been sacred to the game ever since a Scottish king ruled England. But, happily, the general rate was not as progressive at Blackheath as elsewhere. Blackheath was as populous as the building sites available would permit long before the expansion of London over most of the suburbs, and perhaps that limit had been reached when the doleful forecasts began to be uttered. At all events, the golfer still holds his ground, perhaps more securely than ever, as his royal and ancient game has a more secure hold on the general favour. He has worn down nearly every vestige of the whins that once formed a great part of the Blackheath hazards, but there are plenty of hazards left to provide interest.

There are some fine long holes, and Blackheath golf remains, as ever of old, if not the most pleasant and picturesque, at least among the best, as a hard test of play, that inland courses can give. Two of its holes, indeed, are just about the longest, if not quite the longest, on any known golf course, and this is a point of importance in days of the Haskell ball and lengthening courses.

There is no doubt that if you have a coat with no sleeve attachment at all it cannot confine your arms very much when you want to raise them for the swing. This is practically the case with a new kind of overcoat called the Kylemore (why, who shall say? But the wonders of sartorial nomenclature are



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VANISH, HARMONY, AND CAREFUL.

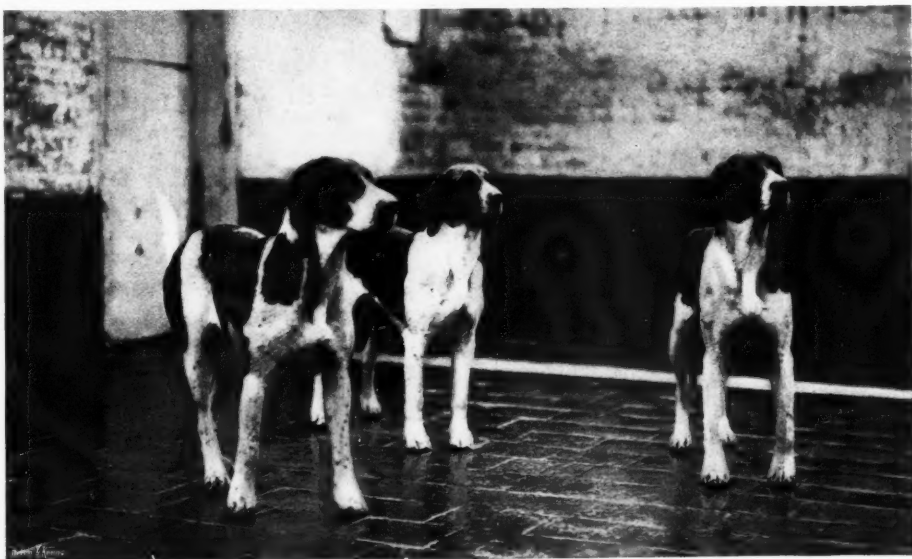
"COUNTRY LIFE."



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COMING IN FROM EXERCISE.

"COUNTRY LIFE."



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CRAVEN HOUNDS: WOODY, RINGLET, AND RAPID. "COUNTRY LIFE."



Copyright CRAVEN HOUNDS: HUNTSMAN GEORGE ROAKE. "C.L."

beyond guessing), invented by Messrs. Humphreys and Crook, tailors, of the Haymarket. The coat is light; it goes down over the knees; it has an elastic attachment to prevent the skirts from flapping in a wind; it is, to a considerable degree, waterproof, and the sleeves are only attached to the body by the upper semi-circle of the arm-hole. The lower semi-circle is open—not fastened at all. So this cannot confine the play of your muscles; and, in fact, it does not. If you can bring yourself to play golf in an overcoat at all (and it is a condition to which the water that is above the earth has reduced a good many of us in the past year), you will perhaps play more nearly your normal fine game in the Kylemore overcoat than in any other.

I hear of a new golf course laid out in the Isle of Sheppey, not on sandy soil, although within sound, as well as sight, of the sea. The sea, at least, is to be seen from the top of the big dykes—that is to say, the embankments originally made for the purpose of keeping out the tidal water, but now adapted, and well adapted, to serve the golfer for

hazards. The sea appears to have retreated from this part of the coast, so that the tide no longer flows up between the big banks. The soil, although not of the royal sandy kind, is of turf on which the sheep commonly keep the pasture short. In the past year of abnormal rainfall the sheep have failed to keep pace in their browsing with grass in its growing, and as a consequence the grass is unusually long. But the turf is of good quality, and there is a lot of sand close at hand that can be conveyed to form bunkers; in years of an average rainfall the sheep may be depended on to do their good part in grazing the grass short, it is not deemed necessary to relay any of the greens, there will be the full number of eighteen holes, and it is expected that the course will be ready for play in April. The general character of the ground is described (for this is all hearsay) as pleasantly undulating, dotted here and there with mounds that are suspected to be burial tumuli of the Danes, so that it is possible for the golfer of the agricultural tendency to cleave up with his niblick the bones of some Viking or other person of the like respectable antiquity. Taylor has given a favourable opinion of the course, though, as aforesaid, in spite of its proximity to the sea, it has to be reckoned as technically among the inland, not the seaside, greens.

I had the honour to be in the chair at a recent meeting of the Ladies' County Golf Union—I think Union is the word—and it makes one feel how poor a thing, comparatively, it is to be a man, to see the keenness and energy that inspires the golfing ladies to come together from all parts of the kingdom in order to find out which county has the best team, and also the business capacity and faculty for organisation that they show in management of the details of the meetings. Last year Devon won, after a tie with Kent. The manner of play is for the kingdom to be divided geographically into sections, and the winning counties of each section to meet on some more or less central green to fight out the final; and in order to avoid, if possible, the inconveniences of a tie for the future, it was decided that the teams should consist of an uneven number of players—namely, seven—and that individual matches should be played to a finish by going on, in the event of a halved round, until one or other won a hole. This does not absolutely bar the possibility of a tie in the final team matches, but it makes its probability fairly remote. Last year England was divided into three divisions. This year a fourth is added, in consequence of a northern invasion—not, unfortunately, from Scotland, but from the North of England.

HORACE HUTCHINSON.

SKATING IN HOLLAND.

DURING the last few years skating in England has been almost a banished pleasure, except for the few who use the artificial rinks.

A twelve hours' journey from London, however, brings the devotee of this most delightful of winter sports into what may be considered as the skaters' paradise. In the parts of the Netherlands which are most characteristic, the country is so intersected with canals, large and small, so divided by lakes, rivers, and flooded enclosures, that the most varied sport may be obtained.

It must not be supposed, however, that an ice-bound condition is perfectly general or continuous, and to get the most enjoyment out of a skating holiday very careful attention must be paid to reports on the state of the ice. There is no doubt that, other things being equal, the intending skater had better visit the extreme north of the Netherlands, in the provinces of Friesland and Groningen, if he wishes to secure ice. To reach these, however, he will have to pass through Holland if he goes by any of the ordinary routes, and we may suppose that he will find it worth while to see something of the skating in these two provinces before proceeding. To the writer's knowledge, every year for the last four years there have been at least five days' skating in Holland itself, but always something more like a fortnight further north. Hence the skater had better visit Holland first, and, if the frost gives out there and he has enthusiasm enough, he will be almost certain to find skating in full swing in Groningen. The country between Rotterdam, Amsterdam, and Utrecht is the most satisfactory region, not only from the diversity of the scenery, but also because there are so



SKATING HOME FROM MARKET.

many canals and lakes which are nearly always covered with good clear ice. It is impossible to give more than a general idea of the most probable places for the best ice, though much assistance will be found from a good skating map, of which there are several published. When such a map is obtained it will be seen that at least three classes of canals are given. The quite main canals, the principal one running from Katwijk-on-Sea through Leiden and Woerden to Utrecht with its great branches to Haarlem, Gouda, and Amsterdam. This is called the old Ryn, and perhaps brings to the sea a little of the water from the river above Arnheim, but it is shut out from the sea by a double set of lock gates. These serve the purpose both of keeping the river up at low tide and of shutting the sea out

at high tide, when it is more than a yard above the level of the country.

Owing to the constant passage of steam-boats, the ice in these main canals is always much broken in Holland, though in the north the ships are not allowed to pass. In every way there is much more skating enthusiasm in Friesland and Groningen, and for the first week of frost only quite necessary work is done, the whole population of the country turning out on skates. In Holland, though skating is considered as the national sport, still, the more frequent intercourse with other countries has developed the business feeling at the expense of the sporting. To properly enjoy travelling skating it is necessary to pay much attention to the kind of skates, the mode of fixing these to the foot, and to the proper sort of stroke.

In the first picture some peasants are seen skating in a row with a long pole and many packages. It is not usual in Holland to see things carried on the head in this way, nor is the costume what will be seen there, but it would be much more usual in the north or even in Zeeland in a hard frost, the ice there not being very good, as a rule, owing to the sea water. It will be seen that the skates are nearly twice as long as the foot, with the fore part rising to three or four inches from the ice. Those figured belong to the kind known as Friesland, but are rather a heavy make. It is both inconvenient and unpleasant to have so much weight in the front, but the skate is better able to stand hard wear. The skates are attached by one long leather thong for each foot, the best method of crossing and tying being easy to learn, but difficult to describe in a few words. Of course, ordinary straps may be used, but they cramp the foot much more than the thong, even when this is pulled tight. The better skaters put their skates on quite loose, and in that way keep perfect circulation in the feet; but the beginner must start rather trussed up, or else he will be sure to kick his skate off in a few hundred yards.

Some idea of the stroke may be gained from the picture, but for good skating the feet should not be brought so much to the side. When this is done it is necessary to lean over on the other side to preserve the balance, and hence a curve is described towards the outside. This is the well-known Dutch roll, which is very commonly used for long distances or when one does not wish to make the strokes very frequently. The best stroke depends largely upon the exact type of skate used and the amount the blades are rocked. Ordinary Frisian skates should be quite



A FROZEN ARTERY.

straight for some two-thirds the length of the foot, rising about 1-32in. in the full length. The better Frisian skates are still straighter and the Dutch more curved. With the long, very straight skates, like the best Frisian or Norwegian, the stroke should be almost exactly straight and to the front, but naturally

when a skate of greater curvature is used, it is better to make a more curved path. Anyone who can use ordinary short skates at all well can very soon pick up the use of travelling skates. The writer knows many cases of moderately good ordinary skaters who, after some few hours' practice on travelling skates, have been able to make a trip of twenty miles or so with ease. Without much exertion in ordinary weather it is quite possible to travel at a pace from two to three times as fast as walking, and to keep it up for many hours. The visitor would naturally not wish to tour alone, and it is, from all points of view, very inadvisable to do so. Even with the greatest care accidents may happen, and, more-

over, two or three skaters can progress together far better than alone. Either the pole mentioned above may be used, or the foremost may give one hand behind his back to the second, and so on. The pole is certainly more satisfactory, as those behind can push slightly, and so help the leader against the wind, but it requires some practice and a fairly steady stroke.

An example of the kind of skating which may be found on the main canals is seen in "A Frozen Artery." This is a view taken at one of the prettiest corners of the canal from Leiden to Haarlem. This, like all similar canals, has a towing-path at the side, and it will be seen that only one side of the ice has been used for skating, the other being very rough and broken up by the passage of boats. This canal is about twenty miles long, and is rather more picturesque than many owing to the trees. It is, in fact, the nearest of all the main canals to the wooded sand-dunes. After some days' frost a refreshment shelter will be found by all villages and at many points in the country. The one shown is at the pretty village of Hoog, made on the canal known as the Does (pronounced like too), running from the Ryn to the lakes. This has no towing-path, and is usually covered with beautiful glassy ice over its whole length. There are many interesting comestibles to be tried at the shelters for those of an enquiring mind. The most patronised are hot milk, coloured pinkish, with or without brandy, according to taste, and raisins in brandy, known as boorenjongers (young peasants), as well as cakes and biscuits.



REFRESHMENT SHELTER AND VILLAGE.



SUNSET ON A FROZEN LAKE.

By continuing this canal for some miles the traveller will find himself upon the finest of the lakes in Holland known as the Braasemer. The view shows the west shore of this towards sunset on a day last winter, when the writer made this trip with a friend as a pioneering expedition at the beginning of the frost. These lakes form the most delightful skating ground imaginable, but are not very safe unless one keeps to the tracks made by others. The danger lies in the open spaces, kept so by the wind, or perhaps covered by a thin coating of ice. The experienced skater can distinguish these by surface appearances and by the note made by the skate cutting the ice. However, there is absolutely no danger if the tracks made by the peasants are strictly followed.

Joining these wide waterways is a system of winding narrower canals often at a lower level. These separate the fields and form the connections between isolated houses and the villages or towns. A very characteristic one near the old town of Leiden is shown. In Dutch the wider variety of this kind of canal is known as "sloot," and the smaller as "slootje." It will be seen that the ice in the sloot shown is rather rough. It is, in fact, snow-ice, which has partially thawed and refrozen. Such a surface is not the best possible, but it is quite skateable, and at least allows the traveller to get from one place to another.

Even after heavy snow skating may frequently be enjoyed, as some water oozes out over the sides of the ice and freezes, thus forming a track for the skater. When travelling far it is usually advisable to carry absolute necessities for one night, and almost necessary to have spare straps and a spare pair of skates for each two or three in the party, even if they are only the ordinary wooden or steel variety. There is no time of year when Holland is better worth a visit than when ice-bound, and, if the visitor wishes to see the country and the people, no better way of travelling than on skates.

H. H. F. HYNDMAN.

LITERARY NOTES.

It cannot be said that any one of the four stories of Anglo-Indian life in Mrs. Everard Cotes's *The Pool in the Desert* is worthy of her pen. It is, indeed, a matter for wonder that a mind capable of the fresh conceptions she has given us elsewhere should have been content to sanction these stereotyped tales. They treat not of individuals, but of the old familiar Anglo-Indian puppets. Flippant, faithless wives, gay mammas of uncertain age, patient husbands, station gossips, station hacks—here they all are again, in the usual situations, with the usual deadards and the inevitable snows as a background, and described with the usual wearying smartness and superficial cynicism, which seem to be considered inseparable from descriptions of Anglo-Indian society. If these types are really the only representatives which the vast field of Anglo-Indian life has to offer, would it not be well to conclude that Anglo-India as literary material is exhausted, and tell tales about it no more?

Irish sport and Irish wit never seem to fail, and if in Mrs. Conyers's new book, *The Boy, Some Horses, and a Girl*, the wit is sometimes expended at the cost of the two unfortunate "typical Englishmen" who go a-hunting unkindly little in Ireland, that in no wise detracts from the excellent quality of the sport. We may comfort ourselves, too, with the reflection that the Englishmen portrayed are of a type which, though wonderfully prevalent in the experience of Irish writers, is really not often to be met with elsewhere. "Pathriot" though she is—and Mrs. Conyers cannot find it in her heart to make even one "Sassenach" lovable without, as in the person of her engaging hero the Boy, giving him an Irish mother—Englishmen would forgive her a far worse "slating" of their traditional defects for the sake of the wit with which she does it and the sport of which she tells. From first to last the story goes with an irresistible verve—goes like a 40min. run without a check. It is full of the music of hounds, of the rush on the line, of the pace of the going in the "grand grass country" round Cahirvally, where the huntsmen were ill-clad and the horses half-trained and the hunting unrivalled. The plot is no strain on the intellect, and the dénouement is open to criticism, but the pages are full of good things and amusing characters, and Mrs. Conyers might have chosen a far poorer story as a peg on which to hang her rollicking fun and still have written a capital book.

The Professor's Wife is a translation by F. E. Hynam of Auerbach's well-known story of village life in the Black Forest. The translation is good, but the story—a simple one, on the old theme of an unaffected nature transferred by marriage from country to town life—loses greatly in quitting the language in which it was told. Auerbach's village stories are not, as a matter of fact, good subjects for translation. This one especially illustrates the truth that there is a certain German homeliness of atmosphere and a German simplicity of diction which will not bear translating. Rendered in the language of other countries such writings become almost stupid. It is singular how uninteresting and trivial the conversations appear, how boring some of the primitive characters, the truth being that the more accurate and faithful the reproduction of the life of a locality is in the original, the less likely is a translation to be an adequate interpretation.

During the last few years England has been gradually awakening to the



CORN-MILL AND SLOOT.

fact that, if she is to compete satisfactorily against her rivals in the fierce struggle for commercial supremacy, a better training must be given those engaged in industrial work than is at present provided for them in our elementary schools. Technical institutions have been rapidly springing up, but as yet the Government has not taken up the matter quite seriously enough. A new magazine has just been issued by Messrs. Newnes under the name *Technics*, which deals exclusively with the subject of technical education, and if the standard now set is maintained it will become indispensable to every student of technique. In this very number, Professor Wertheimer points out how far England is behind America and Germany in this respect. This is due, he thinks, to several causes. Our so-called technical schools, he says, are, in reality, "nothing but modern schools for boys and girls, and in so far as they are attempting to give technical training, are doing so at the expense of the sound secondary education which ought to be given to pupils so young as those who attend them." In Germany and America technical education does not begin before eighteen, and the students are given a sound general education before they begin to specialise. Then the British manufacturer, unlike the American, does not care to employ highly-trained assistants, but prefers to take into his works young apprentices, who pay a large premium, but who in most cases have had no technical training, and are entirely ignorant of the nature of the work they are taking up. Professor Wertheimer is of opinion that the great advance made by Germany as an industrial country during recent years is largely due "to the higher technical education on which Germany is spending so much care and money," and he points out how essential it is, if England is to hold her own against such powerful rivals as Germany and America, that "men engaged in making and distributing British goods should have an intellectual equipment as good and as suitable for its purpose as that provided for their competitors." Among other excellent articles, we might draw attention to one by Professor Dalby, describing Charlottenburg, the Berlin Technical High School, which is to be followed, in another number, by one instituting a comparison between what is understood by a technical training in Germany and England. Mr. Edwin Edser contributes an article on "Radium," Professor Roberts Beaumont one on "Schemes of Textile Design," and Mr. Wilfrid J. Lineham a paper for teachers on "The Diagrammatic Illustration of Class Lectures." These and many other special articles by some of the most eminent men connected with technical science make a number that secures for it as good a send-off as could be wished.

CORRESPONDENCE.

WOODCOCK IN CAPTIVITY.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A very interesting article entitled "The Woodcock in Captivity" appeared in your issue of November 28th, and I should much like to get some information as to the prospects of introducing the woodcock into this country. Perhaps some of your readers might help me with advice.—H. G. SANDEMAN, Commander R.N., Esquimalt, Vancouver Island.

FROST AND FIELDFARES.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—With reference to the interesting note about fieldfares in your paper of January 2nd, page 29, these northern thrushes arrive in East Anglia early in October. No bird is more shy or wary until a long frost with snow on the ground tames them and drives them in from the meadows, when I have seen them come close to the window to be fed with other birds. In the eight weeks' frost of 1890-91, I saw a small flock alight upon some hawthorn trees overhanging a farmyard, and when they had finished the berries on the tree, they went into the yard for the fallen ones. They remain with us until the first week in May as a rule, and on a sunny morning in April they may frequently be heard giving a concert in some small copse, where they sit on

the top of the trees and plume themselves in the sun. The smaller redwings succumb even earlier in a severe frost. In the great frost alluded to several of these birds were picked up in the London squares in a dying condition.—W. H. TUCK, Bury St. Edmunds.

EARLY EGGS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—During the late spell of frost I was killing off a large number of water-hen, and on some of them being opened for cooking they were found to have eggs in them. In some cases the eggs were ready for shelling. Is this not a most unusually early date for such an occurrence, even in this year of extraordinary happenings?—G. B. EATON, Raby House, Willaston, near Chester.

SNEEZING.

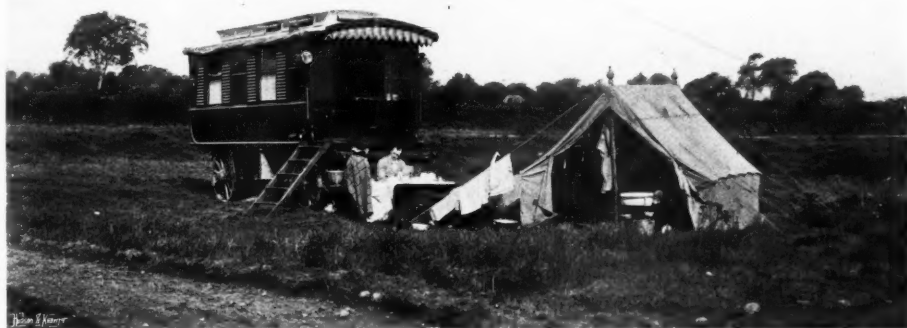
[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In a recent interesting article on deer-stalking in COUNTRY LIFE the writer mentioned the fact of having lost a shot at a good stag owing to his inability to restrain a vehement sneeze. I should like to recommend a cure to him, and to all others who find themselves at the crucial moment in a similar dilemma. It is one which I have frequently employed when stalking both in the Himalayas and the Highlands, and it has never failed. Briefly it is this: That the bony cartilage, or septum, of the nose should be firmly compressed between the forefinger and thumb, a process which sets up a species of "counter-irritation," and removes the titillation of the nostril. It is so simple a process that I thought it had been better known.—LIEUTENANT-COLONEL, Risborough Lines.

TOURING IN A VAN.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—In reply to your correspondent "Gipsy" in last week's COUNTRY LIFE, I know of nobody who lets vans out on hire. He might, however, ask the Bristol Wagon and Carriage Works Company, the builders of my van, before purchasing which, some eleven years ago, I made endless enquiries with a view to hiring. The cost would depend on the character of the van, anything from £1 to £10 a week, plus the responsibility of making good any damage. For comfort's sake let me advise him not to hire an old gipsy van. I did it once. Again, does he propose taking any ladies with him? If so, he ought to have a two-roomed van, or a tent, or both. A party of four, not including the coachman, is large enough; three would be better. If the van does not weigh more than 15 cwt. loaded, one horse (a rough-legged van



horse) is enough in fairly level country; if more, he ought to have two horses. Anyway, he should not be short of horse-power, and see that it's sound. Take most of his own provender, such as his cattle have been accustomed to at home, hard feed for choice, or he may have to call in a vet.; especially let him be careful to avoid hard water. Do not overtax the horses; a journey of twenty-five miles, at a walking pace mostly, is enough. This is best accomplished between the hours of 8 a.m. and 5 p.m. "Break camp early and into camp early" is a good maxim for the road. He should be sure to take a bicycle with him to enable him to go ahead of the van and make arrangements in some previously-selected locality for the night's pitch, and when doing this should have in mind the needs of his own and his horse's comfort, viz., a good stable, and a dry hard field accessible from the road, with wide enough gateway and with running water near the pitch. Not knowing the country south of Rugby, I cannot answer his question as to choice of locality, but he cannot go wrong if he will only keep away from the great centres of population and large villages. "Gipsy" enquires about household necessities. To answer this one must know many things about the party. Can any of them cook plainly? For if not, they will be obliged to live more or less on canned goods. Can they put up with a good deal of rough food? If not, they had better stay at home. If they will put up with a few inconveniences, I know of no more enjoyable or healthy way of spending one's leisure. All that one has to pray for is fine weather. I shall be pleased to answer any further question "Gipsy" may care to ask me. I enclose one or two prints of my van, which may be of interest to him.—NOMAD, Bootle.



DOGS AND NUTS.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—A correspondent in your issue of the 9th inst. asks if the taste for nuts is peculiar to Aberdeen terriers. It may interest him to know that my black spaniel steals the nuts put out for the nuthatches, and cracks them like a schoolboy. I believe most dogs like nuts, and that the intelligent ones discover how to get at the kernels for themselves. The love of many dogs for fruit is well known; as a child I used to sit with a large spaniel on each side of me with whom I shared my gooseberries, and in the East the sheep-dogs plunder the vineyards to such an extent that the owners have frequently to set a watch against them. A familiar Scripture text about "little foxes"—it should properly be "little jackals"—bears witness to an analogous taste among the wild animals.—G. E.

POLO AND RIDING PONY SOCIETY

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Will you allow me to draw the attention of your readers to the show of the above society, fixed for March 11th and 12th, at the Royal Agricultural Hall, Islington. This is the only two-day show in England devoted entirely to ponies, and not only will those who go see for themselves how far the society has fulfilled the objects for which it was recently incorporated, to "promote the breeding of ponies for polo riding and military purposes, and for the encouragement of native breeds," but they will also see the ponies at work in the various competitions in bending, for the handiest pony, and in jumping, so that they can judge for themselves of the usefulness and suitability for the purposes for which they are bred of the ponies exhibited. But nothing is more remarkable than the strong support as shown by the prize list that the society has received from practical breeders of ponies. Sir Humphrey de Trafford, Mr. R. W. Hudson, Mr. and Mrs. Montefiore, Mr. John Barker, Mr. J. Oscar Muntz, and Colonel Henriques are offering prizes and cups, while such well-known polo players as Mr. G. H. Pilkington, Mr. Assheton Clegg, and Comte de Madre are also liberal contributors. There are two new classes of great interest, a challenge cup of £25, presented by the Ladies' Field, for the best mountain or moorland stallion, and the produce class, a prize to be presented to the owner of the dam registered in the society's stud-book of the group of three best animals shown of any age. Another new class is for polo-bred stallions, i.e., one bred from parents both of which are in the Polo and Riding Pony Society's Stud-book. Then this year is marked by the recognition of the society's work as of national value by the fact that the Secretary of State for War has given the first prize for ponies suitable for mounted infantry cobs. Moreover, the "encouragement of native breeds," which I regard, in common with many others, as not the least important matter, has not been forgotten. The value of our mountain and moorland ponies receive ample acknowledgment. It is on these breeds that the society's whole prospect of success rests. They are raw materials of the pony breeders, out of which by judicious selection and suitable crosses the polo pony of the future will be built up. Just as the Hackney ponies and Mr. Wilson's famous breed were built up on Welsh and Fell ponies, so the modern polo pony is based on Dartmoor, Exmoor, and New Forest and Welsh. Of this, the famous prize-winners of the Grange stud and the Marwell Manor stud are notable, but not solitary, examples. To the mountain and moorland breeds, therefore, the society devotes nearly one-seventh of its prize-money. It is probably to the encouragement given to our native breeds that the society owes in part its recognition by the Government. Everyone must feel that the Dartmoor or Exmoor, if you could only give them size, would be ideal ponies for mounted infantry work. Hardihood, intelligence, and surefootedness, and a temper peculiarly susceptible to kindly training, are exactly what is wanted. Well we know that on the moors these ponies will never reach much over 12h. 2in. But mares taken off the moors when suckers, and thousands of these are sold every year, if well fed and crossed

with Arab or thorough-bred blood, will produce a Sandiway, a Rosemary, a Rupert, as we have seen. If, however, the visitor takes no interest in the raw material, but wants to see what has been achieved in the production of the finished article, I suggest a careful study of the riding classes, and more particularly of that founded by Mr. Hudson "for ponies five years old and over that have never played in a club game or match." In this and in the four year old class will be seen the result of the society's eight years of work.—ONE OF THE STEWARDS OF THE LONDON SHOW OF P. AND R. P.S.

CONCERNING EEL-CATCHING.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—I send you herewith a photograph which was represented to me as that of the shed of a Broadland eel-catcher, but it is far more elaborate than any I have come across, and I have seen a good many, and occasionally spent a night in one of them. A Broadland eel-catcher's houseboat is almost invariably a little wooden hut built on an old Yarmouth smack-boat, that is, the small boat carried on the deck or towed behind a Yarmouth trawler. Old boats of this kind are bought for a few shillings, towed up the rivers by wherries, and, after a "house" has been built on them, they are moored in a cutting in the river bank as long as they will keep afloat, and afterwards dragged up on the bank. An ordinary houseboat of this kind has a small stove inside at the end opposite the door and lockers along each side, one of the lockers serving the inmate for a bed. They are occupied during the autumn and early winter when the eels are "running" or migrating down the rivers to the sea. At night the eel-catcher spreads a long net having "pods" or pockets (like long, unspillable ink-pots in shape) across the river while the tide is ebbing. The migrating eels, on encountering the net, seek for an opening, and only find those which lead into the "pods." These "pods," which rest on the bed of the river, are hauled up at dawn, often well filled with eels. The long net, however, is generally left lying at the bottom of the river, to which, when not in use, it can be drawn down by pulleys fastened to stakes driven into the river-bed. The whole apparatus is called an "eel-seet." The eel-catcher keeps a watch on the net while it is spread, so that he can lower it to the bed of the river should a wherry, yacht, etc., sail by. There are several of these houseboats and setts on the river Bure and its tributaries, the Thurne and Ant; also a few on the Waveney. The Thurne is considered the best river for eel-catching, for down it migrate the eels from Hickling and Mortham Broads, Heigham Sounds and Horsey Mere.—W. A. DUTT.

A LAPP CAMP.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—Travellers in the north of Norway are often fortunate enough to come



across Lapp encampments, and these are very interesting, showing, as they do, some insight into the customs of these people. Parties of Lapps come south in summer to obtain reindeer moss for their animals' winter food, and form small encampments, as far from villages as possible. The tents are of skins, and the fire is inside, causing the interior to be distinctly smoky, and, as the people are not too clean in their habits, too close an approach to them is not to be advised.—H. A. P. C.

CANADIAN ICE-FREE PORTS.

[TO THE EDITOR.]

SIR,—In a recent number this statement was made in "Country Notes," when the writer was discussing the food supply of Great Britain: "Canada sends a large quantity of bullocks and a fair number of sheep, but that has to be done during seven months of the year. As for the rest of the twelve months, she has not an ice-free port, and the goods must come through America, and, of course, it would be possible to tax them on their way through the United States." The writer is labouring under such a serious misconception, that I offer a few facts, gathered with the assistance of my friends Mr. Bain, Assistant Commissioner of Customs, and Mr. Ellis, ex-President of the Toronto Board of Trade. Canada has many ice-free



ports, the two principal ones being Halifax and St. John, and the shipments, not only of Canadian products, but of United States products, from these ports during the winter season, after the close of navigation by the St. Lawrence route, are very large, and have steadily increased in recent years. During last winter Canadian farm and food products of a total value of 7,144,973dol. were shipped from these two ports to Great Britain. The shipments comprised, among other articles, 23,000 head of cattle, 11,000 sheep, 118 horses, about 6,000,000lb. of cheese, 875,000lb. of butter, about 600,000doz. eggs, about 5,000,000lb. of meats, 106,000 barrels of apples, and about 4,000,000 bushels of grain of all kinds. In addition to the above-mentioned shipments, products to the value of 3,563,000dol. which were produced in the United States were sent to Great Britain, *via* Halifax and St. John, during the winter, chiefly meats, flour, and cattle. Halifax and St. John are well equipped for shipping purposes, and there is no question that they are absolutely ice-free all the year round. Allan, Donaldson, Canadian-Pacific, Furness, and other lines sail from one or other to and from Great Britain during the winter season. Canadian products shipped through the United States last winter decreased 3,000,000dol. and the same through our own ports increased by a corresponding amount.—PAUL WICKSON.

IN THE FARMYARD.

[TO THE EDITOR OF "COUNTRY LIFE."]

SIR,—You might like to reproduce a very characteristic photograph of a pig which I have the pleasure to send you herewith. As you will see, he has got his feet in the old-fashioned stone trough, and having raised his head, is trumpeting like an elephant in defiance of the house-dog, which, unfortunately, could not be brought into the picture, though perfectly visible from the windows of the simple old farmhouse which forms the background to the picture.—A. F. G.

